

THE
National
AND ENGLISH
Review

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MARCH, 1960

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4th Stack

A TORY M.P. ON
EDEN

TWO SHILLINGS



STEEL

Report to the Nation

HOW MUCH STEEL IN 1960?

THE BRITISH steel industry may well produce about 24 million tons of steel in 1960 – compared with 20 million tons last year.

Last year, and the year before, the steel industry spent some £100,000,000 on new plant and development – and raised its production capacity by about a *million* tons each year. This was done despite the fact that existing capacity, except in a few cases, was not being fully used.

Why this expansion, then? Is it an act of folly – or farsightedness?

It is simply an expression of confidence in Britain's future.

Apart from the sharp setback around 1958, when the industry was working far below capacity, demand for steel has shown a steady upsurge since the war. Looking forwards, the industry has weighed forecasts made by its customers about their future demand.

As a result the industry believes that the trend of steel demand will continue to rise.

Planning ahead in Steel is a ticklish business. It means foreseeing future developments in the economic life of the nation, and the changing needs of steel consumers.

Among the thousands of steel-using firms the pattern of demand can change almost overnight. But planning, building and bringing into production a new steelworks inevitably takes years.

Unexpected

A plant making rails cannot change over to production of sheet for cars.

Hence in the past two years, although the

steel industry as a whole has not been working at full capacity, there have sometimes been shortages of steel sheet.

Why? The causes were an unexpectedly swift boom in cars – which took even the motor industry itself by surprise; rising sales of household goods like cookers and washing machines, and of electrical machinery; and a shift in demand from one kind of steel sheet to another.

£760 million

Not even the wisest brains can predict, years ahead, every future shift in the pattern of demand. But Britain's steel industry has done remarkably well since the war in having the right plant ready at the right time.

Since the end of 1946, a sum of over £760,000,000 has been spent on development. The graphs show the crescendo of expansion in the last seven years; and also how the steel industry, far from lagging, has gone ahead faster than other manufacturing industries.

New Mills

In the critical field of cold reduced sheet, production in 1959 was 13% up on 1958, and will rise again by perhaps as much as 20% in 1960. Further expansion at existing strip mills and construction of two new mills at Newport and Ravenscraig, work on which is being accelerated, will meet the likely demand for sheet and tinplate.

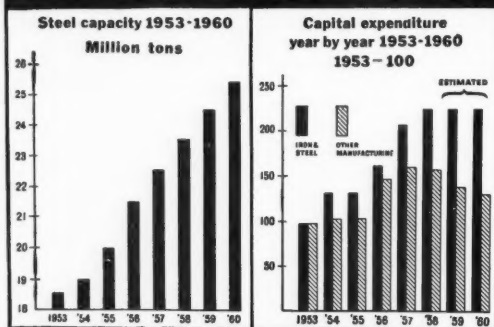
What of the other sections of the industry? Although hit by the recession, they have pressed on with expansion. The new Universal Beam Mill at Lackenby, the best of its kind in the world, is in production – indeed, everywhere the nationwide programme of steel development is accelerating. At the lowest point (December, 1958) the industry was operating, on average, at about 70% of capacity. Now the rate is over 90% – of a greater capacity.

Up and Up

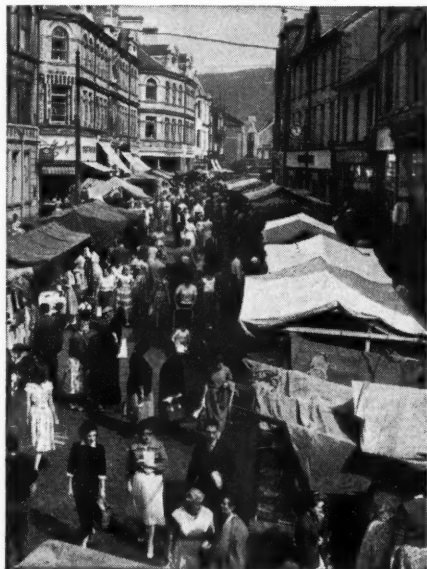
Prospects are that there will still be some margin of capacity in 1960 in certain heavy steel products, as a result of continued slackness of demand from railways, coal mines, and shipbuilders. But demand for other types of steel is expected to rise still further.

Steel production in 1960 may therefore be between three and four million tons more than in 1959.

SEVEN YEARS OF STEADY PROGRESS



Continued modernisation and expansion – at a cost of over £100 million a year – will provide an efficient steel capacity of over 30 million tons by 1965, a sound basis for competing in world markets.



Pontypridd, badly hit in the 'thirties, now one of the most prosperous of South Wales towns.

NEW LIFE IN THE VALLEYS BY TREVOR EVANS

THE "BLACK YEARS" of the 'twenties and 'thirties are not forgotten in South Wales. So it was with deep misgivings that I went back to the village where I grew up.

I was never so surprised in my life. There was Thomas Street with upwards of thirty motor cars parked along its kerbs. Thomas Street, which for hours on end in the old days held nothing but Sam Price's milk-float, and Harry Davies's coal wagon.

The houses were spruce with new paint. The house without its television aerial was an exception. Many had refrigerators, and some washing machines.

Peaceful Revolution

The most penetrating comment on changed times came from Mr. Tudur Watkins, the village schoolmaster. He happened to refer in a lesson to soup kitchens. The boys showed the glazed look of not understanding. His own son piped-up: 'Dad, what are soup kitchens, please?'

I do not claim that what has happened in

Abertridwr is repeated in every other village in the Welsh coalfield.

But there has been a peaceful revolution in South Wales. It can be measured in a variety of ways. Take Pontypridd, one of the worst hit of South Wales centres – 76% of the working population unemployed during the depression. Today, it has 1.8% unemployed.

Barometer of Coal and Steel

There is another way of showing the transformation. For generations two industries, coal and steel, were synonymous with South Wales.

The concentration of coal mining on the most economical pits has produced contradictions, with surplus men in parts of West Wales and a shortage of miners in parts of the Rhondda.

Steel, too, has concentrated production on modern plants, but with a surprising and gratifying result.

A number of small works were closed, but at the same time the new Abbey, Trostre and Velindre works of The Steel Company of Wales were brought into commission.

Throughout South Wales and Monmouthshire the total number on the payroll of the steel companies was 52,500 in 1948. It was 55,300 last year.

In West Wales there were 27,900 employed in steel in October, 1947. Last July there were 28,000.

The Industry set up special funds to pay compensation to tinplate workers who lost their jobs when the small works were shut down. Valuable though these provisions are for older workers, an even greater social contribution has been the provision of work for more people.

Confidence in the future

In spite of the changing pattern of coal and steel, the two industries continue jointly to provide work for nearly one-third of all the men in jobs in South Wales.

What of the long-term prospects for South Wales? Here I am an optimist. The workers have proved their adaptability to new skills and new processes.

For years there has been a tussle in the minds of many men in South Wales between the experience of the recent past and the memories of the years between the wars. Inevitably, it was a conflict between generations.

I hope and believe the victory will go to the younger generation. The future belongs to them anyway.

Reports to the Nation on Steel will be issued regularly during 1960 by the British Iron and Steel Federation.

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Cover Picture: Anthony Eden: the young Foreign Secretary in 1935 (left) and the retiring Prime Minister in 1957 (right).
(Photo: Radio Times, Hulton Picture Library).

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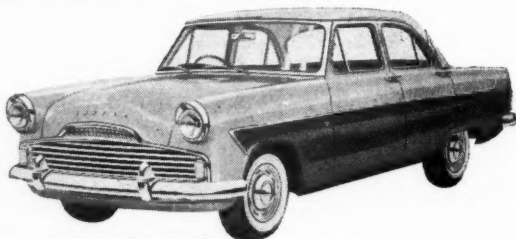


come, come
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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

HON. C. M. WOODHOUSE, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.P. (Cons.) for Oxford since last October. During the War commanded Allied military mission to Greek guerillas. Director-General, Chatham House, 1955-59. Author of *The Greek War of Independence* etc.

REGINALD PECK: Bonn correspondent of *Daily Mirror Newspapers Ltd.*, 1954-59.

DENYS SMITH: Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in Washington.

JOHN PETTY: Born in the Midlands. By the age of 20 had worked in a barber's shop, tannery, foundry and sawmill, had joined the Army and deserted. Author of *Five Fags a Day* and *A Flame in My Heart*.

OLIVER VAN OSS: Teacher and painter. Assistant master at Eton since 1930. House master since 1940. Lower Master since May, 1959.

JOHN BAYLEY: Fellow of New College, Oxford. Author of *In Another Country* and *The Romantic Survival*.

NIGEL CALDER: On the editorial staff of the *New Scientist* since 1956. Research physicist, Mullard Research Laboratories 1954-56. Writer of popular science books.

RICHARD BAILEY: Director of an independent research institution.

ERIC GILLET: General editor of the Royal National Institute for the Blind. Johore Professor of English Language and Literature, Raffles College, Singapore, 1927-32. Author of *Poets of our Time*, *The Literature of England*, etc.

ALEC ROBERTSON: Writer, critic and broadcaster. Author of books on Dvořák, sacred music, plainchant, etc.



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CASELL

Episodes of the Month

AFTER CAPE TOWN

THE Prime Minister's speech in Cape Town on February 3rd has been rightly acclaimed as a major political event. It is comparable in importance, though not in eloquence, with Sir Winston Churchill's Fulton speech. At last the British Government has shown unequivocally that it rejects the doctrine of white domination. Mr. Macmillan has also proved how sensitive he is to the "wind of change," not only in Africa (where it is reaching gale force) but also in Britain. Before he set off on his journey he had good reason to know that the British public, including large sections of his own party, would not tolerate policies which might lead to an "Algeria" in East or Central Africa. Nor can the grim example of Algeria itself have been lost on him. It is clear from what he said in Africa, and from what the Colonial Secretary has been doing in London during his absence, that the British line towards Africans is now "full steam ahead to independence."

Mr. Gaitskell is perhaps rather too anxious to have every "i" dotted and every "t" crossed. When the direction of policy seems to be right there is much to be said for allowing the Prime Minister to be diplomatically vague in his public utterances. But even Mr. Gaitskell could hardly complain of an answer Mr. Macmillan gave him in Parliament on February 18th. The Leader of the Opposition had asked what steps he was taking to follow up his Cape Town speech. Mr. Macmillan replied: "It is only a few days since I made the speech. There should be an opportunity for the unfolding of general policy on lines which I think both he and I agree." Perhaps Britain is at last moving towards bi-partisanship on the major issues of foreign and Commonwealth policy; and not before time.

PREGNANT PLATITUDE

Mr. Macmillan so often indulges in the politician's art of fruity cliché that it might be easy to overlook the double meaning in his last words to the South African Parliament: "Let us remember always that weakness comes from division and strength from unity." In any other setting this remark might have had no ulterior significance; but in South Africa it was a challenge,

because the proclaimed doctrine of the South African Government is to establish a permanent division between races. Mr. Macmillan was saying, in so many words, that *Apartheid* can only weaken the country: it cannot provide any lasting basis for a strong nation.

We must hope that his message will have some influence upon those Europeans—British especially, but Afrikaners as well—who are more interested in making money than in race theory. But it would be idle to expect that the Government itself or its fanatical supporters will undergo any change of mind or heart. The nature of racial fanaticism should by now be sufficiently well known: it is impervious alike to charity and to reason. "I am confident," said Mr. Macmillan, "that in another fifty years we shall look back on the differences that exist between us now as matters of historical interest." No doubt he is right. But the transformation will not occur by normal constitutional stages, nor will Mr. Macmillan's immediate audience wittingly contribute to it. The change will come about through peaceful revolution or, as a last resort, through violence. There is no other way.

WE MUST BOYCOTT

It was therefore very unfortunate that the Prime Minister should have seen fit to denounce in his speech the movement to boycott South African goods; and he should feel no pride at having won a round of applause for so doing. Boycotts may be futile, negative and destructive; but for the oppressed majority in South Africa the boycott is a noble weapon, handed down as part of the Gandhian tradition, and capable of securing the prize of freedom and justice without bloodshed. It calls for discipline, organisation and brotherly cooperation, not only inside South Africa but throughout the free world. The movement, which has been growing in Britain, and reaches a climax this month, is the response of private citizens to an appeal which they cannot, in conscience, ignore. Its effects may not at once be very noticeable in the economic sphere (though South Africa, unlike Russia, depends upon trade and one-third of its

exports are to Britain); but morally its effects are likely to be incalculable, in that it will show the Europeans in South Africa how isolated they are and at the same time show the Africans that they are not isolated.

Already it has made its mark. One very shrewd and experienced observer who accompanied the Prime Minister on his tour has told us that African leaders were keen to stage pro-Macmillan demonstrations when he first arrived in the country, because they identified him with two activities for which they feel grateful to Britain—the Treason Trial Fund and the Boycott Movement. In their eyes he was “Mr. Boycott”, until he shattered the illusion with his regrettable words in Cape Town. The irony of this fact should impress the Prime Minister, who must by now be quite a connoisseur of ironical situations.

The Boycott Movement is unofficial and voluntary. Its sponsors have never expected the Government to use economic sanctions against another Commonwealth Government, and they appreciate the position of the Tory Party, as such, which could not lend its support to the movement without seeming to commit the Government. But they do *not* admire the pussyfooting of individual Tories, whose failure to pledge themselves openly indicates that they are either too lazy to study the arguments in favour of boycotting or too servile to move ahead of the Prime Minister. Thanks to what the Oracle said in Cape Town, they are all anti-Apartheid now; but on the same authority they are anti-boycott as well. When will they learn to treat the party leader as a fallible human being?

The “play safe” tactics of Tories have given the boycott movement a misleading air of partisanship. In fact, it is national in character and the spirit of those who are working in it and for it is pleasantly free from the emotions of domestic party warfare. They are glad of the opportunity to work together for a great cause and they find that the British public is equally glad of the chance to display its native generosity and philanthropy, so often neglected by political leaders. (Information about the Boycott Movement may be obtained from 293 King’s Road, London, S.W.6.)

CONGRATULATIONS

We offer our loyal greetings to the Queen and Prince Philip on the birth of their

second son. His life will be watched with curiosity and affection, and as he grows up he will be able to share the exciting work which his family has to do. We wish him long life and cheerfulness.

Shortly before the Queen’s confinement an announcement was made to the effect that her descendants in the male line, when they cease to be Royal Highnesses, will bear the surname Mountbatten-Windsor. This very sensible compromise on a point of detail was the signal for an outburst of fatuous indignation in one or two newspapers. We do not shrink from criticism of the Monarchy on suitable occasions and at seemly intervals; but we try to be constructive and to concentrate upon matters which are of real importance. Even if we objected to the proposed new surname for the Queen’s descendants, we should regard it as too trivial to be worthy of criticism. In fact, however, it seems perfectly reasonable that the Queen should wish to associate her husband’s name with her own; and as she is doing so merely for the benefit of those of her descendants who will, so to speak, have returned to private life, her decision hardly called for any public comment.

Had there been any question of changing the name of the *dynasty*, public concern would have been legitimate. But the Royal House will retain the name of Windsor which was wisely adopted during the first World War. The name of Mountbatten deserves high honour, but Windsor has a simplicity and a poetry all its own.

SUEZ: INTERIM VERDICT

The publication of Sir Anthony Eden’s Memoirs will revive the Suez controversy: indeed it has already done so in anticipation. It will be interesting to see whether or not the reception of his apologia by reviewers coincides exactly, or even approximately, with the attitude towards his Suez policy taken at the time of the papers in which the reviews appear. Will there have been any agonizing reappraisals or any judicious changes of emphasis? The *trend* of the reviews may provide something like an interim verdict on the whole business; but it cannot, of course, be a definitive verdict, because the full facts are not known.

The review which follows is by Colonel Monty Woodhouse, whose brilliant intellect and exceptional knowledge of foreign affairs are now at the service of the Tory Party in Parliament.

THE FAULT, DEAR BRUTUS

WHEN Sir Anthony Eden moved from the Foreign Office to No. 10 Downing Street in April 1955, he had a fair claim to be regarded as the most expert Foreign Secretary of the twentieth century. To be the most expert is not the same as to be the best: the example of Mr. Bevin shows that it is possible to be a great Foreign Secretary with a much less comprehensive technical equipment. But for sheer knowledge of foreign affairs and experience of diplomacy, Sir Anthony had no rival in the present century except Curzon. Foreign policy had been his life's work; it continued to be his major preoccupation even when he had become Prime Minister; yet it was also to be his downfall. Why did it happen?

But there is another question which must take priority. Not merely why did it happen, but what was it that happened? In the first half of Sir Anthony's *Memoirs** there is no sign of failing mastery nor any sense of a need for self-justification. This is an *apologia* but not an apology, a recognition of the need to explain policy but not to excuse it. So far as the first half of the book is concerned, no one will quarrel with this attitude, for the record is good. The settlement of the Persian oil dispute, the Korean armistice, the relaxation of the crisis in Indo-China, and the repair of the gap left by the failure of E.D.C.—these were four notable achievements of Sir Anthony's period at the Foreign Office relating to four different and equally crucial areas of the world. It is difficult for his most hostile critics—and at that date his most hostile critics were Conservatives—to convict him of having put a foot wrong in these transactions. He writes of them with an easy confidence that this is indubitably so. And so it is.

It is important to notice that exactly the same spirit of *conscientia virtus* animates the later parts of his *Memoirs*, particularly Book Three, which is entitled "Suez". This is the period, for most of which Sir Anthony was Prime Minister, when his policies came under criticism almost equally from the Right and the Left. So far as foreign policy goes, everything turned on the Middle East,

where in the past Sir Anthony had been most at home. From the Right he was criticised for the alleged weakness of the new Anglo-Egyptian Treaty in October 1954, and for the supposedly consequential setbacks when Jordan failed to join the Baghdad Pact late in 1955 and Sir John Glubb was dismissed from the command of the Arab Legion early in 1956. From the Left he was criticised for the creation of the Baghdad Pact and of course especially for the handling of the Suez Canal crisis in the latter part of 1956. But the *Memoirs* show no hint of defensiveness. With the exception of one passage charged with deep emotion—the last two paragraphs of Book Three, Chapter V, on pages 505-6 (and these are certainly not defensive)—the second half of the book is written with the same cool confidence as the first. Sir Anthony's attitude is still that he is not called upon to justify himself, because the events speak for themselves.

That is not to say that he admits no mistakes; but those which he admits are not those which his critics expect or require him to admit. There are six points at which Sir Anthony thinks in retrospect that he was mistaken, and they are worth considering one by one, not so much in order to confirm or dispute them as in order to see what actions and decisions, by implication *ex silentio*, he considers not to have been mistaken. The latter, it will be seen, include all the main targets of criticism. It is also to be noted that none of the admitted errors is dated earlier than 11 September, 1956, when the crisis was already nearly seven weeks old. Nor can the Opposition be quoted as having taken a contrary view at the time, apart from their natural demand that Parliament should have been recalled earlier than it was to debate the situation.

The first two errors are admitted in the same paragraph. They concern the decision to accept Mr. Dulles's proposal for the "Users' Club" (S.C.U.A.) and its presentation to the House of Commons (p. 481):

Looking back over the run of events, I think that I probably underestimated the Parliamentary consequences of the action I was going to advocate in the House of Commons. If I did, it was because I was eager to maintain an Anglo-American front on this issue of respect for

*FULL CIRCLE: THE MEMOIRS OF SIR ANTHONY EDEN. Cassell. 35s.

NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

agreements, which must decide all our futures. On another count, I now think that this decision on the Users' Club may have been wrong. The future of the Canal was, among the great powers, primarily our concern and that of the French; American interest was secondary. We might have done better to adhere to our own plan, refusing to be side-tracked from it, even by the new ideas of a powerful ally, however strongly urged upon us

"Our own plan", in this context, was to appeal to the United Nations. Many people in Britain wondered regretfully at the time why such an appeal was so long delayed. The answer, now confirmed by Sir Anthony as being American persuasion, was presumed at the time from an inspired leak in a Sunday newspaper supporting the Government; but for few people was that enough.

The third admitted error concerned the timing of the public release of the ultimatum to Egypt and Israel on 30 October. Sir Anthony relates how he gave the leaders of the Opposition an advance copy of the announcement he was about to make in the House of Commons, and proceeds (p. 527):

I thought it my duty to tell the House of the decision we had taken at the earliest moment. This led me into what I now consider was an error in timing. If I had done so two hours later, the Opposition would have been given time to consider the statement I was to make. The Commonwealth and the United States would have had time to reflect upon the messages we had sent them.

Nothing could be more eloquently revealing than this paragraph, for what it does not say as much as for what it says. Sir Anthony is sincerely convinced not only that the decisions of 29-30 October were right, but also that any reasonable person would have seen them to be right, given the tactical change of an hour or two in the timing. To him this conclusion is so plain that it hardly needs to be made explicit.

The fourth error was also one of tactics and timing rather than of substance. During an acrimonious debate in the House of Commons on 5 November, Sir Anthony received word of the abortive cease-fire in Port Said. He interrupted the debate to announce the news. He goes on (p. 553):

I am not sure that I was wise to do so. The effect in the House was instantaneous, the Government's supporters rising to their feet to cheer and wave their order papers and the Opposition being temporarily subdued. By this announcement I told the world of the cease-fire, thus alerting those who would not welcome it and giving them an opportunity of working against it.

He goes on to argue (though admittedly

"we may never be able to prove it") that the order issued by President Nasser reversing the cease-fire a few hours later was perhaps inspired by a promise of Russian help. Even if this were correct (and certainly no Russian help was forthcoming), it is not easy to believe that such an intervention could have been averted by refraining from announcing the cease-fire in the House. Possibly Sir Anthony, whose eye was always on past history, may have been uneasily recalling a similar demonstration in the House of Commons in 1938, when Mr. Chamberlain announced that he was going to Munich.

The fifth error was the agreement to a final cease-fire on 6 November without obtaining any guarantees of effective action by the United Nations to maintain the advantages that had been gained against President Nasser. He writes (p. 558):

We would have taken a second, and maybe a third, look at the problem had we understood what was to come. We were ashore with a sufficient force to hold Port Said. We held a gage. Nasser had received a humiliating defeat in the field and most of his Russian equipment had been captured or destroyed by the Israelis or ourselves. His position was badly shaken. Out of this situation intelligent international statesmanship should, we thought, be able to shape a lasting settlement for the Arab-Israeli conflict and for the future of the Canal. We had not understood that, so far from doing this, the United Nations, and in particular the United States, would insist that all the advantages gained must be thrown away before serious negotiation began. This was the most calamitous of all errors. Had we expected it to be perpetrated, our course might have been otherwise, but we could not know. As it seems to me, the major mistakes were made, not before the cease-fire or in that decision, but after it. I did not foresee them.

A failure to foresee was also, on Sir Anthony's part, the sixth and last admitted error. He spoke to President Eisenhower by telephone on the afternoon of 6 November, and derived the impression that all was harmonious between them. It is interesting that it was the President who initiated the call (p. 561):

The President followed his telephone call with a telegram. It was cordial in tone, but contained some indications of the direction of American thinking which I was perhaps slow to recognize. I did not foresee then that the United States Government would harden against us on almost every point and become harsher after the cease-fire than before.

The chapter from which this last quotation is taken bears the significant title of "Myopia." It is the last chapter in the book.

The catalogue of admitted errors shows certain things in common. In the first place,

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Keystone

EDEN, THE PARTY IDOL: AT A YOUNG CONSERVATIVE RALLY IN NOVEMBER, 1956.

most of them occurred at a fairly late stage of the proceedings: only two before the Israeli attack on Egypt, and none within the first six weeks of the crisis. In the second place, all of them were purely tactical errors. Not one of them implies any fundamental error of judgment in the policy pursued. If further evidence of Sir Anthony's conviction on this point were required, it is to be found in his condemnation of the United Nations (p. 506):

Perhaps the most disturbing feature of all these discussions was the utter indifference shown by the United Nations to the international aspects of the crisis From the start to the end of the business, not one single syllable of censure or regret was uttered by the United Nations, or on its behalf either by the Security Council or by the General Assembly, at the seizure of a great international waterway by force. It is inevitable that there will be a reckoning for this moral backsliding.

In other words, the British Government almost alone was right (for Sir Anthony implies, whatever his former colleagues may say, that the Cabinet as a whole was responsible for the decisions taken, and not just

two or three Ministers acting on their own); and the rest of the United Nations, with one or two exceptions, were wrong.

Most of Sir Anthony's critics will dismiss this interpretation out of hand, and they will be helped in doing so by the skill with which some other Ministers, and in particular senior officials at the Foreign Office, later set about privately exculpating themselves from complicity in, or even awareness of, the crucial decisions. It is wrong nonetheless to dismiss out of hand the first published account by a major participant in the crisis, based as it is in part on extracts from official documents. Whatever critics may say of Sir Anthony, historians must recognize that this is virtually the first *evidence*, as distinct from rumour or speculation, that has come to light about the facts behind the Suez Canal crisis. It may be that the evidence is false and the speculations are correct, but that remains to be proved and it cannot be proved without very careful attention to the evidence. And since to prove it would be tantamount to convicting Sir Anthony of

deliberate falsehood or self-delusion on a monstrous scale, the task should be approached very conscientiously indeed.

What is bound to strike careful readers who recall something of the circumstances known at the time is the omissions and silences in Sir Anthony's account. The greatest of all these is, of course, the total omission of any reference to the allegations of collusion with the Israeli government. The word "collusion" does not occur at all in Sir Anthony's Memoirs, even to be dismissed. By implication, however, it is denied, for there is an account of the meeting of the British and French Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers on 16 October (the crucial episode in the theory of collusion) at which the possibilities of Israeli action are reported to have been discussed and the possible counter-measures considered; and nothing more. Sir Anthony's last words on the Israeli intervention are these (p. 519):

Some may doubt the wisdom of Israel's action, none can deny her courage nor the provocation offered her. For my part, if the responsibility had been mine as the head of the Israeli Government, I hope that I would have taken just such action as Israel took.

If in fact that action was taken with the knowledge and connivance of the British Government, as has been often alleged, then the above-quoted words in their surrounding silence would amount to a *suppressio veri* of terrible magnitude. They are therefore tantamount to a denial, which no historian could confidently reject on the evidence that is at present known.

It is melancholy that such things should have to be said in the light of Sir Anthony's known record of integrity. Yet the charge of collusion, rightly or wrongly, was made; it is a fact of history; and the denials of it at the time were neither immediate nor always unequivocal. It seems extraordinary that Sir Anthony should make no reference at all to this episode in the crisis. The omission serves to draw attention to a number of other conspicuous silences in his narrative.

They occur not only in Book Three but all through the Memoirs, and they fall into two categories; silences of discretion and what can best be called silences of egocentricity. (The word has no pejorative connotation in the context: all personal reminiscences are necessarily egocentric, and would be pointless if they were not.) A typical omission of egocentricity is the lack of credit given to Sir Winston Churchill for

his contribution to the preparation of the first Summit Conference at Geneva in 1955: his historic speech of 11 May, 1953 is not even mentioned. An omission of discretion is to be found in the coy description of the circumstances of Musaddiq's downfall in Persia in 1953, ignoring the circumstantial account of the affair which has been published long since in the U.S.A. A silence which may fall under either head covers the unpleasant scene which took place over Cyprus between Sir Anthony and Field-Marshal Papagos in Athens a year before the crisis broke.

The examples in Book Three become still more striking. On the personal side, there is no mention of the resignations of some of Sir Anthony's subordinates during the crisis: for instance, Mr. Anthony Nutting, whose last appearance in the Memoirs is at the Conservative Party Conference on 12 October, speaking in support of the Government's policy. There is no explanation of what Mr. Dulles called the "black-out" of news from the Foreign Office in the second half of October. There is practically no mention of any of the alternative schemes put forward for relaxing the Canal crisis. For instance, the Indian plan put forward at the London Conference in August (which would have given Britain and France more than they eventually got, and which would surely have been accepted by everyone if Britain and France had accepted it, just because it was the Indians who put it forward) is dismissed with the bare remark that "we found no substance" in it; and the correspondence between the Egyptian Foreign Minister and the Secretary-General of the United Nations at the end of October, which straddled the outbreak of fighting and appeared to offer new hope of a settlement, is not mentioned at all. Yet all these things happened, and Sir Anthony's reactions to them should be matters of history.

There is no question that any judge would consider Sir Anthony a good and reliable witness on the examination so far. But the examination is incomplete; and there has not yet been any cross-examination. The upshot is that we still do not know exactly what happened in the last few months of 1956, because Sir Anthony still assumes that it was all perfectly obvious and straightforward, and he is still insufficiently in touch with thoughtful opinion to appreciate what perplexed and still perplexes it. But although we cannot say exactly what he did, we do now know unmistakably why he did it. He did

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it, on the reiterated evidence of his Memoirs, because he saw in the 1950s a repetition of the 1930s. In President Nasser he saw a reincarnation of Hitler (or later, of Musso-
lini; and so, to begin with, did Mr. Gait-
skell). In President Nasser's relations with
Khrushchev he saw a "Moscow-Cairo Axis"
comparable to the Rome-Berlin Axis. In the
whole sequence of events he saw a repetition
of "the chain of failure in the nineteen-
thirties from Manchuria to Danzig". In
other episodes, unrelated to the Middle East,
he also saw parallels: for instance, between
the American request for military help in
Indo-China in 1954 and the French request
for the last R.A.F. squadrons in 1940; and
between the Chinese action in Tibet in 1959
and the Italian action in Albania in 1939.

But the exercise of historical analogies can
be practised by many hands. Mr. Dulles also
practised it: he compared Indo-China in
1954 to Manchuria in 1931 and the Rhine-
land in 1936. Sir Anthony told him he was
wrong. But Mr. Dulles continued to pursue
parallels on his own account; and it is at
least possible that one of the parallels which
he adopted was between Indo-China in 1954
and the Middle East in 1956, with the roles
of himself and Sir Anthony reversed. Per-
haps the main lesson of the crisis of 1956
is the danger of historical analogies. Quite

apart from their subjective character, they
can be made to work both ways. Sir
Anthony argues that action was right in
1956 because appeasement was wrong in
1938. Should he not also argue that action in
1938 might very well have failed as it did
in 1956, since in 1938, as in 1956, neither the
Commonwealth nor the U.S.A. were pre-
pared to follow Britain to war? Few would
accept such an argument. But if the analogy
is weak in one direction, it is dangerous to
push it too far or to place too much weight
on it in the other.

These, are, inevitably, comments on the
events rather than the book; and their
fascination is disturbing and no doubt un-
ending. But a reviewer's first duty is to the
book and its potential readers. They can be
assured that it does not fall below Prime
Ministerial standards. The narrative is
simple, direct and well-organised. If it has
not the dramatic brilliance of Sir Winston
Churchill, it certainly does not convey Lord
Attlee's impression of boring himself and
expecting to bore his readers. But however
well-told the tale, the fact remains that it is
from the events and not the writing of them
that Sir Anthony will be remembered. And
it would be too much to expect of a Brutus
to be his own Shakespeare.

C. M. WOODHOUSE

FAIRNESS TO THE GERMANS

IT would be hard to find an occasion when
there was so much agreement about the
facts and so little about their interpreta-
tion. Throughout the whole range of the
Press, reporting, not only on the anti-
Semitic activities themselves, but on the
former Nazis in high places and the neo-
Nazi youth groups, was so uniform that at
least one student of the British Press in Bonn
was heard to observe that for the first time
in his life he could not tell whether he was
reading *The Times* or the *Daily Express*.
The few differences that did occur were
limited in the main to the membership
figures of the youth groups (varying
between 10,000 and 17,000) and were as
much due to differences between the various
German authorities as between reporters.

But from then on division was complete,

with one side crying, not without a certain
grim satisfaction "I told you so", and the
other gently explaining it away as the work
of "a lunatic fringe." The one side claimed
the Christmas and post-Christmas happen-
ings as proof of its well-known thesis that
all Germans were (and for that matter still
are) Nazis while the other pointed to the
mental level of some of the arrested
swastika-daubers ("we only wanted to get
our names in the papers") as evidence for
their view that though "deplorable" the
affair was not "serious".

Yet out here where it was all happening
the first reaction in foreign reporter circles
was one of surprise that their various news-
papers had "gone to town" on the subject
on such a scale. Seasoned observers with
much experience of the German scene were



DR. ADENAUER LAYS A WREATH ON THE JEWISH MEMORIAL AT BELSEN, FEBRUARY, 1960

Keystone

saying in bar time conversation that they had "dozens of times" reported anti-Jewish incidents without provoking any particular interest.

Finally it came to be generally accepted that the timing of the first incident had much to do with the publicity given. The daubing of swastikas on synagogues seemed to be of greater significance at Christmas time and this, combined with the general lack of news at the holiday season, ensured that the item got maximum play. After some preliminary suggestion that the next following rash of incidents were part of a planned campaign (by either Nazis or Communists, or both, according to taste) the favourite view became that whatever might be true of the first incident, the rest were probably best regarded as "chain-reaction". From Dr. Adenauer downwards German authorities were giving such contradictory answers that no mere reporter could be blamed if he did not get it right first time.

But whatever final answers might some day be produced to these immediate questions the story was still running strongly and was giving rise to wider and more fundamental questions on the whole nature and character, and stability or otherwise, of

post-war German democracy. The outside enquirer could no longer be left in the position of having to pay his money and take his choice between the extremes of interpretation offered. Some effort must be made to take the matter further.

So this particular reporter embarked upon a series of discussions with the kind of people who might be expected to help in finding German answers to foreign questions on basic subjects, beginning with Herr von Eckardt who, as Chief of the Federal Press Office and close personal confidant of Chancellor Adenauer, would be well able to reflect official thinking at the highest level.

There were no questions to which Herr von Eckardt was not prepared to provide answers that might vary from the specious to the plausible and the relatively convincing, but which were always adroit. As I entered his first floor room (the one occupied by a screeching green parrot and two tanks of oriental fish, as well as by himself) he handed me two pieces of agency tape that reported anti-Jewish incidents in London and Paris respectively. At that relatively early stage it seemed not out of place to venture the view that "this will make things easier for you." But von Eckardt was not

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FAIRNESS TO THE GERMANS

to be caught sheltering behind others. He replied "No, and rightly no: no-one else has a record like ours."

But neither was he giving any easy points away. On the subject of Nazis in high places he took refuge in a "sort of gap in my knowledge" arising from the fact of having spent the vital Nazi years in a remote corner of Mecklenburg, on family estates, where he had never quite learnt who the top Nazis were. This was one of the specious answers apparently intended to forestall questions on why Herren Schröder and Oberländer are allowed to retain their jobs as Cabinet Ministers, and Herr Globke to remain Chief of Staff to the Chancellor.

The future of German democracy? Had the country not been given a bad start by the authoritarian Dr. Adenauer? To give an answer that did not look like denying the known facts, and yet remain loyal to his master, was not easy even for von Eckardt, but he never flinched. "Remembering the weakness of Weimar we deliberately made the office of Chancellor strong; we did not know in those days how Dr. Adenauer would turn out."

But if I had thought from this that the pattern was set for the rest of the interviews I was much mistaken. Fiery Dr. Eugen Gerstenmaier, President of the Bundestag and *enfant terrible* of the CDU (Adenauer's) Party, rejected with blazing indignation von Eckardt's near-admission on the subject of Dr. Adenauer's authoritarian tendencies. "He'd only like to be, but can't, not with us at his elbow," he assured me with a thump on his desk. Facts and implications that von Eckardt had not disputed were not for a moment admitted by Gerstenmaier. Coming only a matter of months after Dr. Adenauer had got his own way against the known wishes of the Party in the matter of the succession to his own office this attitude seemed a bit much, but the forthright Herr President was undismayed by any reference to the record. It appeared that the Party had finally given way, not because Dr. Adenauer had cracked his whip but because they were brought to realise that if they persisted in trying to do their democratic duty by imposing majority rule they might wreck their chances at the next election. "And you can't expect that of any party, can you?" enquired Dr. Gerstenmaier. To the comment already made that "resignation is not a part of the German democratic process", might be added the reflection

that "neither is anything else that endangers a safe seat." For the rest, Dr. Gerstenmaier had no doubts whatever about the ability of the Germans to establish and run a democracy. As a result of their particular character and history (which has given them less experience with democratic institutions than some other people) they find it rather heavy going, that is all. The Germans are too legalistic in their approach to democracy, but that does not mean that they are less inherently capable of it than anyone else. The French, for example, are too romantic "and if you think I am an admirer of the 'muddle through' quality of your British system, then I assure you I am not."

The greatest achievement of German post-war democracy? "The fact that it exists". It was a characteristic beginning to a talk with Professor of Constitutional Law Carlo Schmid and equally that he should continue by defining his terms. The signs by which the presence or absence of democracy may be recognised are (1) limitation of the power of the State, (2) the rule of law, (3) government by the will of the people and (4) the existence of an Opposition able to take over the Government. The learned professor's theory could not be faulted, but, as might be expected from a leading member of the Socialist Opposition, he was by no means satisfied about the way it worked in practice. "We are treated with hardly concealed contempt by the governing party, as enemies rather than as honourable opponents. The relationship you have in Britain between Government and Opposition is impossible here." Such views were perhaps inevitable in a member of a party that has been defeated in every election since the post-war constitution came into force and has only an outside prospect of winning the next. Professor Schmid had some reason for disillusionment, yet he was no more prepared than the others to admit that there was anything wrong in principle with democracy in Germany.

At this stage of the enquiry the plan of the German Reichs Party to hold a public weekend rally in the Palatinate town of Kaiserslautern provided an opportunity for some field work after the interviews. The extreme Right wing or neo-Nazi GRP is under heavy suspicion in connection with the anti-Semitic wave, since the two young men arrested in connection with the original Cologne daubings were members of it. The Party promptly disowned and expelled them



HANS SCHIKORA

Paul Popper

and went on denying that it was either neo-Nazi or anti-Jewish, though no one took the denials very seriously. But what the Party was, as we were able to see for ourselves, was such a close approximation to the Nazi Party in its earlier days that the name ceased to matter. It was no longer necessary to ask them about their ideology; it was enough to have heard Herr Schikora.

Hans Schikora, a local government clerk, is the only representative of the GRP in any elected political body and he is a member of the *Land*, or provincial parliament, of the Rheinland-Pfalz (the Palatinate). He is a rabble-rouser of unmistakable vintage and to listen to him was to relive a ghastly fragment of the past. There was the same technique of exploiting grievances, the same appeal to the lowest instincts, the same nihilism. The chief grievance of that particular audience of (mainly) wine-growing peasants was based on the belief that the Common Market would allow cheap French wine to compete with theirs. So it was "Down with the French". Then, in the Kaiserslautern area there are large American military bases. So in the name of German nationalism it was "Out with the foreigners; Germany for the Germans". Among the wine peasants were a handful

of left-over Nazis from the old days and a few teenagers of both sexes

But for all his powers as a ranter, Schikora was only the local demagogue. The real central brain and driving force of the Party is Adolph von Thadden, a thirty-nine-year-old young man of good family whose association with such a collection was hard to explain. It could be that the clue lay in that long and difficult-to-translate German word *Geltungsbedürfnis*—the need to be important. But for the War von Thadden would have been running family estates in Eastern Germany and might have found sufficient outlet there for his restless energy. Perhaps, on the other hand, his inborn nationalism and undoubted gifts as an orator—he is a far subtler one than Schikora—would have driven him anyhow into politics.

An interview with the Minister of the Interior, Herr Gerhard Schröder, back in Bonn, had an interest all its own, since Herr Schröder is one of those who has been most heavily under fire as one of the alleged "Nazis holding high office". It was this talk that produced an angle on the whole story that seemed to have been neglected, if not altogether ignored, both by the "told you so" and the "lunatic fringe" schools. Herr Schröder admitted without hesitation that he had indeed been a member of the Party (though not of the Storm Troopers as has often been said) but vehemently denied all the same that he had ever been a Nazi. The apparent contradiction was easily resolved, the Minister explained. Membership of the Party did not necessarily mean sharing its ideology. There were two classes of Germans who had been in the Party, but not always of it. The first consisted of members of organisations which had been enrolled as a body—and without consultation. Among these were likely to have been the Chief Constables of Dortmund, Essen, Aachen, Cologne, Bonn and the rest, who had been branded during the present events as examples of "Nazis in high office". Why, the poor devils could hardly have been more than policemen on the beat in those days, the Minister thought, who had simply been told one day that they were in the Party.

The Minister himself fell into the second class. When the Nazis came to power he had been a budding young lawyer who realised that he would make no progress in his profession unless he joined the Party. Once inside, and holding the particular job he had been after, he had been able to help

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many Jews to escape. But a Nazi? "Never for a single minute."

If the story was true it might be possible to charge the Minister with lack of moral courage or of taking the line of expediency, but that was not the same as being a Nazi and the first stones might be thrown by those who would have done better in the same circumstances. There seemed to be some justice in the analogy with the situation of students and others in the Eastern zone of Germany today. In order to qualify for advancement in their studies or professions they must go through the pagan "rite of initiation", that is the Communist counterpart of confirmation, or make some other gesture of conformity. Shall this be held against them in the future? Shall they forever be banned from "high office?" Many of them go to Western Germany rather than conform, but such a choice was not open to the young Schröders under Hitler.

The argument might be dismissed as specious or accepted as convincing. The facts, so far as they were capable of verification, would probably stand the test. There seemed to be on the whole a case for distinguishing between Nazis and "Nazis".

But so far the sources used had been men accustomed to reacting with sophistication to the questions of foreigners. It was time to seek the views of people whose reflexes might be expected to be less conditioned. A flood of letters to newspapers provided useful evidence and it all supported the view that the mass of the German people were sincere in their condemnation of the anti-Semites. Here is one with an opening sentence that gives an authentic note to the rest of it. It is from a Frankfurt workman and refers to a Jew in the town who had received a threatening anonymous letter.

I belonged to the military SS. Please tell this elderly Jew that he need have no fear. If I could afford to I would give up my job and take him for a walk every day. Then I would like to see the man who would dare to lay a finger on him. Many of my workmates share my view. We want peace but we can only get it if we admit our past faults.

Other positive evidence has been the reaction of German audiences to the play based on the diaries of Anne Frank, and the fact that the book itself was a best-seller. Then there is the annual pilgrimage to Belsen which it is not easy to dismiss as either cynicism or hypocrisy.

But of course more education on the subject was needed, as all sources agreed. It was before the anti-Semitic wave that a ro-



ADOLPH VON THADDEN *Camera Press*

ing television reporter doing a programme on schools discovered senior pupils whose answers to questions on who Hitler was varied between "The man who built the autobahns" and "Don't know". In theory the matter has long since been dealt with by instructions from *Land* education authorities that the history of the Hitler period is to be taught. It is the books supplied that are inadequate (a total of fifteen lines on anti-Semitism in one of them—in small print) and the desire to use them that is often lacking.

Yet for this, too, Herr von Eckardt had an explanation. He urged me to consider the position of a teacher who might find himself telling some of his pupils, in effect, that their fathers had been scoundrels and worse. In an extreme case he might have both the son of a known Nazi and the son of a murdered Jew in his class at the same time and just plainly funk the job of explaining. If he belonged to the older generation he might find himself exposed to embarrassing questions about his own past.

The evidence as a whole justifies neither an acquittal nor the view that the Nazis will be in power again the minute Dr. Adenauer has gone. The Germans will not "go Nazi" again as long as prosperity lasts.

REGINALD PECK.



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NOËL COWARD

ON Friday, May 22nd, 1941, a middle-aged man sat down to his typewriter at Port Meirion in North Wales. The table wobbled and he had to put a wedge under one of its legs. He smoked several cigarettes and looked gloomily out of the window at the receding tide. Then he started to write and kept writing for six days—from eight to one each morning and from two to seven each afternoon. The result was a play which had its London premiere (after a Manchester try-out) on July 2nd and ran a continuous 1,997 stage performances before being made into a film. Its name? *Blithe Spirit*. The author? Noël Coward.

* * *

His grandfather was a naval captain who painted water-colours in his spare time. His father worked for a London firm of music publishers and first met Noël's mother at a choir practice. The child was born at Teddington in 1899. When he was six his parents moved to a small villa at Sutton in Surrey, his father having meanwhile become traveller for a new and unsuccessful piano firm. Noël made his first stage appearance, aged eleven, on January 27th, 1911, when he took the part of Prince Mussel in a children's fairy play, *The Goldfish*. ("I was a talented boy, God knows, and when washed and smarmed down passably attractive"). He earned one guinea and a half a week—helpful to a family which took in paying guests. He therefore remained on the stage, only intermittently being forced to attend school.

As a boy actor he flourished. In March, 1913, he was one of the Angels of Light in *Hannele* at the Liverpool Repertory Theatre; in July of the same year he was Tommy in *War in the Air* at the Palladium; in October, the boy in *A Little Fowl Play* at the Coliseum; in December, Slightley in *Peter Pan* at the Duke of York's.

The first World War was a painful, but important, interlude in his brilliant and prosperous career. At the age of eighteen he was yanked into the Artists Rifles. He resented the Army and everything to do with it, and he ended his war service a nervous wreck in the Colchester Military Hospital. So it was hardly surprising that

he embarked upon the 'Twenties, of which he became a representative and evocative figure, with the scars of personal humiliation and a deep hatred of war. Quipping and strutting his way to the forefront of the Bright Young Things, the foxtrot-and-cocktail set divided between guilt (they had not served) and gleeful celebration ("we have no right to be alive"), he caught their mood for ever in such songs as "Dance, Little Lady" and "Mad About The Boy". As the Bright Young Things grew a little older and turned their fear and abomination of 1914-18 into a philosophy of dread which enabled Hitler to seize power, Coward epitomised their emotions in *Cavalcade* (1932). Now thought of vaguely as a true-blue panorama of Britain's past glories, the famous Drury Lane show was in fact very different. It was a triumph of trick stagecraft, a picture-book of pretty Edwardiana—and a protest against Jingo patriotism. Its heroine refused to drink to the War, mocked savagely at the idea of being sent "victorious, happy and glorious," and ended with a prayer that after the disgrace of 1914-18 England might once again find dignity and peace.

Coward has always hovered uncertainly between the guilt and the glee. The former reached its highest point in a fine play *Post Mortem* (which has never been performed) about the return of a soldier killed in action to the mean and fatuous world for which he had died. But the glee bubbled up in his comedies—the disdainful snook-cocking at death in *Blithe Spirit* and the amoral sensualism of *Private Lives* ("Come and kiss me, darling, before your body rots, and worms pop in and out of your eye sockets").

When the second World War seemed imminent, in June 1939, Coward set out on a trip to see for himself "what was going on in Europe". He visited Warsaw, Danzig, Moscow, Leningrad, Helsinki, Stockholm, Oslo and Copenhagen, and the only memorable observation in his dismally shallow account of what he saw is that in a Russian restaurant car he was for the first time in his life handed a plate with *enough* caviar on it. After hostilities had begun he asked Winston Churchill if his "brain and creative intelligence" could be put to use, "prefer-



NOËL COWARD WITH FRIENDS AT A NIGHT CLUB
IN JAMAICA.

ably in the field of propaganda". Churchill waved his hand with a bravura gesture and said: "Get into a warship and see some action! Go and sing to them when the guns are firing—that's your job!"

Coward's response to the call of England, home and mother is as instinctive as his love of cheap music and the stage. But he is no warrior, and for months he was content to assist backroom Blimps in Paris and the United States. He threw himself into an heroic naval action—on celluloid. Dining one night in Chester Street he heard from his friend Louis Mountbatten the whole story of the sinking of H.M.S. Kelly off the island of Crete, and received permission to dramatise it in the film *In Which We Serve*.

Now, at sixty, he is a superbly preserved fossil. He lives comfortably and avoids, so far as possible, the ravages of the Inland Revenue. But he has not lost his capacity for hard work. John Gielgud thus describes staying with him in Jamaica: "One hardly saw him, except at meals. He would come scurrying down, full of his taut bonhomie, and be the perfect host during the meal—then disappear to get on with his work". He has written almost as many entertainments as are attributed to Shakespeare, besides two volumes of autobiography (*Present Indicative* and *Future Indefinite*) and two collections of short stories (*To Step Aside* and *Star Quality*). He is now working on a novel.

His speed of work has already been suggested. He wrote *Private Lives* in four days, *Present Laughter* in six. Is he now wasting his time? The critics say, with reason, that

he has not written a good play since *Present Laughter* (1942), but he is still a box-office success. At Dublin Airport, arriving for the second night of *Nude With Violin*, he was asked if he knew the critics had panned his play. "Have they?" he twinkled. "Then it will run a year". It did. But he has failed to write a musical to follow the triumph of *Bitter Sweet* (1929). Unsuccessful attempts include *Operette*, *Ace of Clubs* and *Pacific 1860*.

How good a musician is he? It is not true that he picked out the tunes of *Bitter Sweet* with one finger. All the same, he is not a trained musician or composer. He can accompany himself pleasingly on the piano, though for public performances he hires an accompanist. His feeling for harmony is by no means despicable: the song "Twentieth Century Blues", for instance is interesting both harmonically and rhythmically. The love of a good old-fashioned tune came from hours spent in the family circle with his parents and his Aunt Hilda ("the Twickenham Nightingale") lilting through the scores of Edwardian musical comedies; and his best tunes ("Some Day I'll Find You," "I'll See You Again") are closely akin to waltzes in that mode. His most characteristic songs depend far less on tune or musical knowledge than on expert lyrics ("Mad Dogs and Englishmen", "Nina", "Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage, Mrs. Worthington").

And how expertly he sings them—tapping out each precise word, capturing his audience with throaty zest and impeccable timing. As a cabaret artist he is unique—and commands unique fees (£14,000 a week at Las Vegas, over £1,000 a week at the Café de Paris). He is also an accomplished actor, on stage or screen. Nowadays he dislikes the monotony of a long run, or even the effort of a full-length film part, so the public has to make do with his brief and brilliant appearances, for example in *Round the World in Eighty Days* or *Our Man in Havana*.

In his spare time he paints water-colours, like his grandfather, or potters about with a camera ("I take very bad pictures—sheer lack of talent"). His closest friends are Clemence Dane; the actress, Joyce Carey, who has appeared in many of his plays; the impresario Hugh ("Binkie") Beaumont, boss of H.M. Tennent's and London's most important manager; and Gladys Calthrop, artist and designer. Though he cultivates the carefree manner of an amateur, he is pro-

NOËL COWARD

professional to the roots of his being. And he lives on his nerves, smoking cigarettes almost non-stop. During the War he once said to a friend: "I've had to cut down to ninety a day".

* * *

Will his work live? If early films are preserved in the museums of the future, Coward may be remembered as the author of *Still Life*, the playlet on which David Lean's *Brief Encounter* was based. If immortality is bestowed by the community singing of football crowds, "I'll See You Again" may be droned by generations yet unborn. But for the canon of great theatre few of Coward's contributions stand much chance, because he has so frequently spoilt comedy — which must be poised delicately above and beyond real life — with the sentimentality that cloyes. Most nearly free of taint are *Blithe Spirit*, *Private Lives* and the enchanting *Hay Fever*. Yet their success has always depended upon the debonair lightness and speed of their delivery, on quaint phrasing and deft wording, which lose much of their effect when the author is not there himself to direct or perform. All the same

The stately ship is seen no more,
The fragile skiff attains the shore.

Coward may yet provide this century's best claim to a footnote in the history of stage comedy.

Meanwhile his *personality* is more fascin-

ating than his artistic achievement. So long as he lives the man himself will be more admired than his work. He is not conceited, but he is always the self-conscious star and is most careful to sustain his own public image. His chance remarks and brittle *bons mots* are endlessly quoted. Here is a typical incident, authentic and as yet unreported. At the first night of the musical *Ace of Clubs* a friend took the leading lady, Pat Kirkwood, to the front of the theatre to see her name in lights (she had come up during the War and the black-out). Thrilled with the new experience she hurried back to the stage door just as Coward was arriving in his car. "Guess what, Noël," she cried. "My name in lights!" He gave her the familiar pseudo-stern stare and exclaimed: "Good God! There must be some ghastly error."

Like John Betjeman, of whose beloved bourgeoisie he is a notable product, Coward is a snob and a sentimentalist. Very often he has been close to cynicism, but his background and temperament forbid him to stray too far into that dangerous territory. He falters at the point where the Home Counties end and the Waste Land begins. He therefore lacks the mysterious wisdom of those who have spent years in the wilderness and have managed to return. At the same time he is wiser than those who do not know the wilderness exists, and happier than those who have gone into it never to return.

AMERICA'S BIG COUNT

EVERY ten years the Constitution requires that a census be held in the United States. At first this was little more than a counting of noses, but gradually more and more items have been added to the census-takers' lists. There has evidently been little change in the public attitude to Government prying since the time of Domesday Book. Some of the questions are regarded as a shameful invasion of privacy and none of the Government's business, just as they were in William the Conqueror's day. This may be the main reason why nobody has ever yet been prosecuted for not giving information or giving false information, though legal penalties exist.

One of the reasons for the decennial census being a Constitutional requirement is

that the House of Representatives is based upon population, in contrast to the Senate which is based on the theory that all States, whatever their size, should be treated as equal and has two Senators apiece. At first after each census the House membership was increased till it finally reached a total of 435. Then Congress decided that this had gone far enough and any further increase would make the House an unwieldy body. The House of Commons has not found that having a membership about fifty per cent. greater interferes with its efficiency. But it is not burdened, as is the House of Representatives, by another Constitutional requirement that roll call votes should be taken. Calling the roll of 435 members takes over twenty minutes.

So now, after each census, House seats are redistributed among the States according to the changes in their population. But the same total is maintained. The State legislatures themselves draw up the districts which elect members within their assigned total. The party in control of the State legislature is often accused of doing this in the way most favourable to itself. The present House temporarily numbers 437 members to provide representation for the two new States, Hawaii and Alaska. But after this year's census the old total will be restored.

On the first of April an army of 160,000 "enumerators" will start their march on every American home, from the White House down to houseboats, barges and prisons. The evening before all travellers will hear a knock on their hotel door. During previous census counts many a traveller and tourist, particularly if engaged in any hanky-panky business, showed a reluctance to answer the enumerator. He insisted that he and his wife had already been counted at home. This time he will not be able to get away with it, for nobody will have been counted before.

For the first time this year the Census Bureau, which is a branch of the Department of Commerce, has fallen in with the current trend for "do it yourself". Forms containing about one dozen simple questions on age, sex, address, marital status, type of house and so forth will be sent by post before April 1st. The census enumerators will collect the forms and give any help to those who request it. In past censuses the enumerators have asked the questions and filled in the forms themselves. At every fourth household the enumerators will leave a long list of 45 supplementary questions which the head of the household must fill in and return by post within three days. These questions are of a more personal nature. One of the supplementary questions relates to income. People did not like telling the enumerator, who was often a neighbour, how much money they earned. Now they will not have to. Other supplementary questions concern education, the number of times married and occupation.

The supplementary questions vary from census to census. For the first time this year the Census Bureau will include questions on whether the household has an electric washing machine, a dryer, an air-conditioning unit or a deep freeze. It will no longer ask whether it has a sink connected with

water supply and outside drain, nor if it is wired for electricity. These things are now considered normal.

The electrical industry has figures on the use of electrical appliances which the Government would like to verify. The industry figures show, on the basis of sampling and projection, that 98 per cent. of all homes have refrigerators, 93.1 per cent. have electric washing machines, but only 72.5 per cent. vacuum cleaners. At first glance it seems surprising that a washing machine should take precedence over a vacuum cleaner which costs only half as much or less. If true the reason may be that there is a far greater difference between washing clothes by hand and using a washing machine than there is between using a broom or carpet sweeper and using a vacuum cleaner. Laundry costs, like those of all other services, have risen considerably so that there is a compulsion to do as much washing as possible in the home.

The various Government departments and agencies, industries and private organisations all propose questions they would like the census-takers to ask. The Census Bureau adopts a rule of thumb which discards any proposal which does not have a broad general interest. A manufacturer of tinned dog food thought that it would be useful to inquire about the pets each family had. The ladies' garment industry wanted the Census Bureau to risk feminine anger by asking about women's height, weight and measurements. A golf club manufacturer thought it would be useful to know how many people were left-handed. All these were rejected. A Civil and Defence Mobilisation Office request that people should be asked whether their house had a cellar or basement was, on the other hand, included since it would serve a national purpose. If there is no bomb shelter the basement is the safest place to hide in the event of atomic attack. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare has had a question inserted on what schools children attend, whether State, private (including those which in England would be called public) or Church. Various church groups thought it would be useful to ask a person's religious affiliation. But the proposal was discarded after complaints were made that under the Constitution State and Church were separated, so that the civil government had no authority to inquire about a person's religion.

Successive censuses have disclosed some

AMERICA'S BIG COUNT

surprising "facts." People, particularly women, have a tendency to get old more slowly. After allowing for deaths, there will, for example, be fewer people of 40 than there were of 30 ten years before. In order to get round that mental block which prevents some people from stating their age, or leads them to round the figures off, the question will no longer be phrased, "How old are you?" but "When were you born?". Then the remarkable marital situation has been disclosed that there are more women with husbands than there are men with wives. This is probably due to two contradictory psychological impulses. A man who is separated or living apart from his wife wants other people to think of him as a bachelor. He has a more sociable time that way. A woman living alone, on the other hand, will sometimes insist she is married even when divorced or a widow, and very definitely if she is an unmarried mother. Since the census enumerators are neighbours there is a compulsion to maintain any innocent little fiction of this kind which has been practised.

The Census Bureau's nerve centre is in two large buildings just outside Washington. There, more than 2,000 men and women use

the latest electronic devices to record and analyse the statistics. They are microfilmed, converted to electrical pulses and processed in Univacs or "electric brains." Ten years ago the compilation was done with punch-cards which were run through punch-card computers. The new method saves both time and money. But for these modern devices the census statistics would still be getting processed when the time for the next census arrived.

There is still, however, one old-fashioned characteristic of census-taking. All the temporarily enrolled staff are political appointments. This will enable many deserving Republicans to earn a little extra money. One can discount the unkind suggestion that the reason census enumerators will no longer be required to ask the questions and write down the answers personally is that so few deserving Republicans can read and write. It is none the less true that employment as a census enumerator depends more on whom you know than what you know. But the Democrats had this patronage plum ten years ago and twenty years ago so they cannot grumble too much.

DENYS SMITH

COME, LANDLORD, COME

THE Jamaican padded through the verandah on his way to the lavatory and for a moment there was the serenity of gliding silence, the subtlety of eternal mystery.

"I tell yer 'er was pregnant!" boomed Mrs. Mapps.

"I 'eard 'er wor," Mrs. Keightly said mildly.

"Oo, them bloody liars!" thundered Mrs. Mapps, her beady eyes following the Jamaican. "I tell yer 'er was pregnant! Day 'e lodge over the road an' day Wilf go over an' say you'd better marry 'er if it's yourn?"

"The trouble's up 'ere," Mrs. Keightly observed gently, indicating her head.

Every ounce of Mrs. Mapps — a lady of some three hundred pounds — was outraged. "Up theer! It ay up theer: it's down 'ere!" and she thumped her brow.

"Anyway, Jack," said the little man sitting next to me — he had a meek little clerk's

face with childlike, bewildered eyes, but his voice rumbled slowly and heavily and his huge hands spoke of many years of manual labour. "Anyway, Jack, we 'ad a good lodge at Mrs. Binks, but the landlord med us get out — overcrowded or summat — so we went to this feller Joe's. It was a Sunday but 'e said you'd better come in right away 'cos if you don't somebody else might an' ..."

A gang of children, led by the landlord's "youngest" (a six-year-old terror known far and wide as Dennis the Menace) erupted from the living-room and for a moment all was pandemonium. The returning Jamaican, utterly bewildered, was almost bowled over. Mrs. Mapps boomed magnificently, the children shrieked and a brown-and-white puppy (Dennis was swinging it by the tail) yelped hysterically. Kath, the landlord's wife (she always reminded me of Eleanor Rathbone's howler: "We have pre-natal treatment and ante-natal treatment but we

still have these appalling figures") tottered out from the bar, and, cuffing and shrieking, restored order.

"... we paid a wick in advance an' moved in. That was last wick. Anyway, Jack, I was on nights last wick, an' so was this feller Joe. We wor on 'til ten Monday night, see, so on the mornin' — just to be friends like — I said let's all 'ave a drink. They've got no kids an' me an' Margrit 'ave got none, so..."

The verandah door burst open to admit one pram with baby, and two mothers. The younger of the mothers, a girl in her twenties, was leading a little boy and carrying a large paper bag. She upended the bag, and the boy sat on the concrete floor and started to play with a large assortment of toy cars, tanks etc.

"Ere it comes," grunted Mrs. Mapps, visibly stiffening, and the occupants of the verandah stirred uneasily as a sharp: "Right! Right! I said *right!*" came from the direction of the window where drinks were served.

"Brenda!" whispered a pale sandy-haired girl to her sister (they sat there each evening, shaking with cold and rarely speaking) and the gentle Mrs. Keightly nervously adjusted her head scarf.

"So we all went out..." tried the little man, but a girl in a leopard-skin coat tottered in from the passage, with a: "Who're you starin' at?" at Mrs. Mapps.

"Not at yo', cheeky-face!" boomed Mrs. Mapps, and Brenda slammed two half-pint glasses of beer on to the long narrow table, sat next to me, thumped the table with: "An' you hadn't better!" And burst into tears.

Brenda was decidedly remarkable. She was an alcoholic, she was aggressive and immoral and (without a lick of make-up) always looked attractive. She was a tiny thing, five feet at the most, with a pale face, light blue eyes and fairish hair frizzed out somehow just like the cartoonists' parody of Mr. Gaitskell's. The tininess of her helped her to look seventeen (she was twenty-three, married with one child); but she looked attractive and seventeen now; and she had a bruised nose and a black eye.

"So we all went out," the little man tried gallantly, but Kath (quite apprehensively) peeped out at Brenda, whispered: "Bits in 'er beer, she said!" and vanished.

Brenda laughed — her mood could change amazingly — and gave everyone a warm,

hazy look. "I'll 'ave 'im," she murmured happily.

"You have him," I said encouragingly.

"I'll 'ave 'im," Brenda reaffirmed cosily. "Just waitin' for 'im. I'll 'ave 'im."

A car engine raced out in the yard, and Den, the landlord, a massive, dour man came in.

"Bloody lives yo' men've got!" boomed Mrs. Mapps. "Out enjoyin' y'selves while y' wives do the work."

"Think we got married for?" grunted Den, and walked slowly towards the bar.

"Anyway, Jack," the little man said determinedly, "we all went out an'..." but Brenda's mother swept in, appropriately and raucously preceded by three of her children and Brenda's little boy. This was the signal for Dennis and his mob to emerge from the kitchen; poor Mrs. Keightly put her hands to her ears as battle was joined.

It was about 9.30 p.m.: and I grinned ("Ain't it a life?") Brenda's mother cried happily when I thought of the licensing laws. There are, of course, "working men's clubs", popular because of their lack of restriction. In working men's clubs whole families sit drinking happily, breast-milk to Vimto to beer, but pubs like Den's are (in the Midlands) equally popular. This little pub had a narrow passage leading from the street: on the right of the passage was the bar, on the left the smoke-room. It was, of course, illegal for persons not eighteen years of age to "consume intoxicating liquors" in these rooms, or to be in them at all, but the Victorian architects had not forgotten mine host's private quarters. These gave the appearance of ramshackle outbuildings, and the passage left-turned and led out to them. There was the living-room (known as the kitchen) and the kitchen (called the *back* kitchen) with the usual offices and garden beyond. The verandah (tacked on to the kitchen) was a lesson to any drafted foreigner. It was hideous, it lacked any form of heating, it was uncomfortable, the roof leaked and it was popular. Courting couples sat shyly in it, and returned to it, married, with babies.

"Wilf's done that," cried Doris (Brenda's mother), standing facing me, as she always did, and indicating Brenda's damaged face.

"Ain't spoke to 'im," Brenda said hazily, "for ten years. An' last night 'e started."

She nodded slowly, three times.

"'E started," Doris confirmed, with her piquant mixture of incredulity and ingenu-

COME, LANDLORD, COME

ousness. "You drunken little cat, 'e said. You foul-mouthed little cat, 'e said. Get out 'o my 'ouse, 'e said."

"Are you," said Brenda, hiccoughing delicately, "talkin' to me, I said. To me, I said. Get away from me, I said. You dirty dog, I said."

Doris nodded with a sort of helpless wonder. She was an amazing creature. Very tall and well-built, the mother of six children, she looked about thirty-seven and a most attractive (with lovely dark hair and eyes) thirty-seven at that: she was forty-three and more naïve than most schoolgirls.

"Ave I," Brenda demanded, "done any wrong to you, 'e said. Yes, you 'AVE, I said, an' if you laid a thousand pound on this table I'd STILL say so, I said."

"Tell 'im," urged Doris. "Tell 'im what 'appened."

"I was thirteen," said Brenda, "an' 'e took me to—" but a white plastic football flew past her head and crashed against the wall.

"Bloody young varmint!" boomed Mrs. Mapps, and Den's bulk appeared in the doorway. For a moment the juvenile uproar waned.

"Go on," Doris urged again. "Tell 'im."

"Went to Evesham," Brenda pouted, "to look at a caravan. Took me with 'im. On the way back 'e stopped the car (Wilf, her father, a forge worker, now had a pink Zodiac) an' messed about." Her hand patted my thigh. "'Ave this, 'e said, it'll do you good."

Doris (nobly aided by Mrs. Mapps) gasped.

"Do me good," said Brenda, "I'll tell me mother, that's what." She tilted her head, looking incredibly young. "Tell me mother, I said, tell me MOTHER."

"Go on," said Doris. "Then what?"

Brenda shook her head.

"Drove off. Nothin' 'appened 'till we got to the top o' the street 'ere. Then 'e stopped the car an' said give you 'alf-a-crown if you don't tell your mother."

"Two-shillin'," said Doris, one hand to her mouth.

Brenda shook her head. "'Alf-a-crown."

"Two-shillin'," Doris corrected.

"'Alf-a-crown," Brenda said stubbornly.

"You said two-shillin' last night!"

"No, I never. I said 'alf-a-crown." And colour rose in Brenda's cheeks. "Are you callin' me a liar?"

"Now Brenda! Do you want folks to think we ain't decent?"

"Folks," Brenda began delicately, "can go an' . . ." But Mrs. Mapps, a Himalaya of wrath, boomed indignantly: "There's kids 'ere, y'know."

"You're just like your father, you are," Doris said sadly.

"Ain't like you, am I?" Brenda said pertly.

"No, you ain't," Doris said innocently, then the penny (assisted by an "owdacious little cat!" from Mrs. Mapps) dropped, and she reddened.

"An' as for you," Brenda said belligerently, glaring at Mrs. Mapps, and wobbling to her feet, but the experienced Kath wasn't slow to appear, and Brenda was escorted (in point of fact, hoisted, Kath's arm round her middle) from the premises.

In the uproar I wondered rather sadly if Brenda's father, a nasty little brute, was, in more senses than one, the creator of her "way of life".

"'Ear some right things, don't y'?" said the little man. "Anyway, Jack, as I was sayin', we all went out an' adder drink. Me an' Margrit an' this Joe and 'is missus. It ain't as if," the little man said earnestly, "Joe was 'ard-up—'e's got plenty—but 'e seemed to expect me to do the payin', bein' the noo lodger an' that, so I did the payin'."

The somewhat lugubrious figure of Den appeared in the doorway.

"Went to old Eddie Egan's place—yo' know, Jack, the Wheatsheaf—an' 'ad a nice drink. Musta cost me a quid easy. Anyway —" and the little man took a breath—"round about 'alf-past one Joe said I could just do with a bit o' dinner an' I said that's just what I could do with so Joe said to 'is missus better get a bit o' dinner."

Den stepped aside to let the pale sandy-haired girls pass. Both were married but they were never with their husbands.

"Anyway, Joe an' me stopped theer till two o'clock, then Joe said dinner should be ready so up we gets."

And the little man stared at me solemnly.

"Guess what?"

I shook my head.

"There was chips for 'IM. An' a fish. Chips for 'ER. An' a fish. Chips for Margrit. An'—an'—an' nothin' for me."

I stared. "What did you do?"

"Sat theer," said the little man, "an' watched 'em eat."

Den took one step forward.

"Any more for any more?" he boomed.

JOHN PETTY.



A TRAIN OF THOUGHT, sure to get up steam again now that the Transport Commission's deficit has been so spectacularly increased, runs on these lines. The railways lose money. Perhaps they are badly managed; and no doubt it is unreasonable to charge them interest on all their capital. But even without these disabilities, real or imaginary, they would still lose money. Why? Because people find it cheaper or more convenient (which is the same thing) to use other methods of transport. Very well, in that case abandon the railways—sell the land and buildings, give St. Pancras to the National Trust, boil down the rails and locomotives—and save the country this deficit which is rising steadily on current account towards fifty million pounds a year.

What would happen? A flood of traffic on the roads; congestion, loss of money and time. Mr. Marples would have to step up his spending on motorways. *Of course*, people say, this would cost us more than the railways are likely to lose for the present, so let us pay the railways a subsidy: we are on the tiger so we must go on feeding him.

Most people stop here, but it is not the end of the line. For how much longer will that conclusion be true? Whatever happens to the railways, road traffic will increase, and with it expenditure on roads. New roads are of course built to take far more than the traffic expected to use them at first. Therefore the cost of diverting traffic from rail to road is less than it appears. Indeed the new money invested in new roads will not be fully utilised or be earning its keep *unless* it attracts traffic from the railways. As spending on roads increases, so will the Transport Commission's deficit. A time must therefore come when the railways are carrying so little traffic and losing so much money that it is cheaper for the country to transfer the traffic from railway to road, close the railway and enlarge the road. How is this moment to be judged? Very simply; by first writing down the capital on which the Transport Commission has to pay

interest to the net sum which the business would realise in the hands of a liquidator; and thereafter by the application of my simple rule.

* * *

AXMINSTER'S RULE states that a railway should be closed if it loses more than the cost of borrowing enough to transfer the traffic to the road. This rule can be applied to parts of a railway, or to the whole of it. It may take decades to extinguish our railways in this way, but so long as the rule is applied, the taxpayer can view the Transport Commission's deficit, however large, without dismay, except on the score of internal efficiency.

Of course Axminster's rule will never be applied. People will say that the railways have a strategic value; that they keep death off the road, which is worth anything; or even that they must be accepted and paid for because they are there, like the English climate. What will be the result? Mounting deficits and irritation; bad service in the interests of economy. Well, then, if we are to lose touch with financial reality, let us do so wholeheartedly. The railways' deficit is so large, and the receipts from passenger traffic relatively so small, that it seems hardly worth charging passengers at all. Why not make public transport free, like teeth and spectacles? A poll tax of £3 per year—less than the price of licencing a television set, or eight dogs—would cover the cost handsomely. Traffic on the roads would be reduced, and full trains cost no more to run than empty ones. Substantial economies would come from sacking inspectors, booking clerks and conductors, and from selling platform barriers for scrap. The entire public relations department of the Transport Commission could be disbanded, because no one could complain of free transport, however bad. Murmurs might however come from Scotsmen that they were paying for commuters in Haywards Heath—who would reply, I hope, that England had been managed in favour of subsidy-fat fringe races for long enough. If the point were sustained, public transport could be charged to the rates—but at this point I will, if I may, pull the communication cord, which in any case, at £5 still (perhaps because so few people can think of a use for it which is actually *improper*), is the only reassuring thing left in an inflationary world.

AXMINSTER.

CORRESPONDENCE

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, *National Review*

TORY RADICALISM

From Mr. Carl R. Ganz

SIR,

I read Alan Haselhurst's article on "Tory Radicalism at Oxford" with great interest. I agreed with his views and enjoyed his presentation. May I be permitted to develop a point of definition arising out of his remarks, and in doing so suggest a revision of the usual assumptions underlying political commentators' attitudes to the structure of the modern Tory Party?

To do this one must examine three things; the labels Tory Radical and Progressive Tory; the nature of the Tory Party itself; and the relationship between the party and political attitudes in the country at large.

All too often it is assumed that in the Tory Party one encounters two bodies of opinion, the "Right Wing" or "Reactionary" on the one hand, and the "Progressive" or "Enlightened" on the other. The term "Tory Radical", used with more frequency than exactitude, is dimly seen either as a synonym for the latter group or, by the slightly more perceptive, as the cognomen for the ultimate Leftward extension of the Progressive position. Indeed, one receives the impression that Tory Radicalism is a phenomenon at once so common and so respectable that before long we shall not be surprised to hear some Minister informing us that "we are all Tory Radicals now."

It is this confusion between the Radical and the Progressive which lies at the heart of much misrepresentation and misunderstanding of modern Toryism. For, as so often in politics, disputes about what are supposed to be verifiable facts turn out to be disputes merely about terminology which everyone had thought to be the facts themselves.

In the Tory Party today three elements, or more accurately three attitudes, are discernible. There is the Right Wing echelon, faces firmly turned to the past, impervious alike to a social revolution and an irrevocable change in the international picture, who, having no party which fully represents their interests, are Tories because it is the least dreary of the three alternatives. Many of them, happily, do not appear to be aware that the party of their choice is not the party of their beliefs; and this saves them and us from the logical consequences of their views were they to be implemented in policy form. The next and largest group consists of those usually described as Progressive Tories, or some similar variant; it is this group which mirrors most faithfully majority opinion in the country at large, and thus explains our third successive election victory with an increased majority. The political

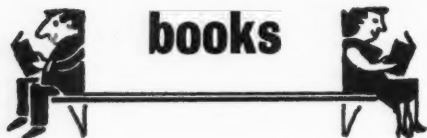
atmosphere in modern Britain *is* (as it has probably always been in times of reasonable plenty) progressively conservative. People are aware that they like what they have very well; and that their Government is anxious that they should continue to enjoy it. They are not prepared to countenance more than the modest degree of change they have been taught to regard as inevitably necessary to increase the supply of the mixture as before. Few commentators appear to realise that the absence of strong feelings in the country on such questions as Cyprus, Hola, Devlin, etc., is not the result of simple selfish apathy—though this plays its part—but of the fact that most people (and nearly all Tories), insofar as they interest themselves in these issues at all, probably *agree* with the Government's policies.

Who then is the Tory Radical and where is he to be found? Does he exist in a clearly defined way? For when every crow is called a falcon one may be forgiven for wondering if the latter bird exists at all. The Radical Tory is, alas, the *rara avis* of the Party. He is seen but rarely in Parliament, he can be glimpsed in some of our Universities, run to ground in moderate numbers in Oxford and read in your pages, Sir. The Bow Group, whatever the *Observer* may feel, is not his stronghold, though his plaintive cry can be heard there from time to time and his influence can be discerned in much of its output. He alone in the Tory Party questions not means but ends; is prepared to accept nothing, nothing at all, as beyond remedial criticism. If this means questioning even the very bases on which our consumer capitalist, institution-worshipping society rests, he will do it: not because he shares the destructive and muddled resentments of the angry young men of the Left, but because he believes (as all Tories believe) that constant adjustment and unceasing vigilance are the price one must pay for a society that is not only fit to live in now, but that will continue to be so in the future. Unlike other Tories he does not believe that any problem can be deferred with advantage, any principle compromised without protest, or any institution regarded as inviolable. So he is naturally an awkward bedfellow, who prods people who would rather be left unprodded, and consequently is often made to feel not quite at home. His justification is twofold; he stands in principle for nothing other Tories are not committed to standing for; and his historical predecessors (for the Tory Party has a long history of Radicalism) have repeatedly provided that impetus for self-examination and adaptation without which there would probably be no Tories today, Radical or otherwise.

Yours faithfully,

CARL R. GANZ.

193 Baldock Road,
Letchworth, Herts.



HEIR OF ALL THE SAGES

LITERATURE AND WESTERN MAN. By J. B. Priestley. Heinemann. 42s.

THIS is an extraordinary, illuminating and triumphant book. Let us admit at once that it tries to be too inclusive and that statements such as that "after 'the Age of Holberg' had passed, Johannes Ewald, the Danish lyric poet who died in his thirties, created a native poetical drama" are almost a parody of the text-books. Almost but not quite — for here they serve as brief and immediately forgotten breathing-spaces between splendours of insight and evocation. Let us admit, too, that some of the views put forward seem untenable. Splendid! It may prod us into questioning the ultimate validity of our own convictions.

What is it all about? Priestley traces the progress of Western Man, as reflected in the works of the greatest Western writers, from the firm framework of a religious civilisation to our present predicament.

Every writer seeks to reconcile explicitly those glaring opposites, that discord between the unconscious self and the consciousness of failure, of which Western Man is implicitly aware. Great writers succeed in resolving the discords and bringing "to our outer and inner worlds a life-enhancing unity". He is commenting, from the standpoint of a specialist illustrating a universal theme by instances drawn from his own speciality, on Jung's exploration of "Modern Man in search of a soul". Nor does he leave us without some guidance — and some comfort — to assist us in that search.

As he expounds his thesis, he treats the reader to the most extraordinary *Gesamt-Katalog* of post-medieval literature that any one man can ever have produced — extraordinary, that is, in its quality, not merely for any ant-like industry of compilation. Some writers are perhaps too cavalierly dismissed, and on the whole it is the poets — especially those tainted with symbolism — who fare worst. Yet just when one feels he has really not said very much, he suddenly says a great deal, perhaps in a dismissive epigram, as when he says of the *Duineser Elegien*: "they contain some magnificent

poetry, but it is poetry shining through a crack in the mind of the age" — or of James Joyce that "he did not open new avenues for the novel, but created his own magnificent *cul-de-sac*".

Nevertheless, he is at his most illuminating when dealing with novelists and playwrights. One has an extraordinary impression that here is a professional judging the work of other professionals with an inside knowledge of the problems which beset them and a professional's appreciation of the solution offered. But all this inside view, this almost surgical exploration, is combined with the views of someone who is outside the trade, who is a highly intelligent and immensely well-read person, deeply involved in the human situation, who does his reading partly in search of light, and partly just in search of pleasure. As the splendid survey unfolds one is aware of certain figures who stand out from the ranks as having something more than mere excellence to commend them, and as their number grows one begins to detect a certain affinity between them, a certain moral kinship. Cervantes, Shakespeare, Molière, Lessing, Fielding, the procession of heroes begins. Racine (wrongly, as we think) is not of that gigantic company, nor is Voltaire, certainly not Stendhal ("the cool surgeon or analyst suddenly transformed into an hysterical patient"), but the three great Russian novelists are there, and Balzac, in spite of "his obsessive love of detail, his insistence upon the obvious, like a guide in a museum", and Ibsen and Strindberg and Chekov.

Without endless quoting, a reviewer cannot give any adequate idea of the quality of the criticism to which all these figures, great and less great, are submitted. It is the quintessence of a lifetime's reading, independent yet informed by a central conviction that moral issues are the supreme issues. When Priestley illumines a technical detail, which he does often and with convincing mastery, we are helped to our understanding of the big issues involved, we never lose our map-reference in a welter of wayside incident, however picturesque. One immediately compares this book with a recent one which Somerset Maugham wrote on *Ten Novels and Their Authors*, in which an extremely clever man told us almost everything about some great books except why they were great: was witty, shrewd, entertaining, quotable but in the end, as Priestley says of Maupassant's short

HEIR OF ALL THE SAGES

stories, "pretended to tell us more of life than he knew". Priestley, who can be as epigrammatical as the best of them, goes deep down to the springs of human conduct and principle. Sometimes his judgment has finality: nothing better about Schiller has ever been written. Sometimes it is withering — as in his analysis of why Thackeray just failed to be a giant. Again and again, as with Turgenev or Tolstoy or Dickens, he guides us to a deeper understanding of a writer we have known intimately for years. When he depreciates an over-valued writer, such as Gide, or revalues a forgotten one, such as Anatole France, or comments on *Jane Eyre* or Jane Austen, he does so neither as a university lecturer nor as a disillusioned man of the world, but with that "warm common-sense, belonging to wisdom, not cleverness" for which he praises Molière.

And do not be deceived by that word "common-sense" into conjuring up a picture of a round-cheeked Priestley puffing out a pipeful of platitudes! He goes on to say of Molière that he is "the great professional". No one could deny J.B.P. professional status: there is none of the amateurishness of coterie opinion about these judgments. No one interested, from any angle, in the theatre could read the sections on Ibsen, Strindberg and Chekov without being immensely enriched. This is in part due, of course, to Priestley's consummate knowledge of what keeps a play moving. We would expect that from the author of *Laburnum Grove* and *Dangerous Corner*. He knows how plays should be put on and complains when Chekov is performed slowly and gloomily, "as if somebody were dying in the next room". But far more than that, he seems to understand what these writers were up to, why, in fact, they ever bothered to write plays at all. The same stereoscopic view lifts his perceptive but generous criticism of Shaw above the ordinary level of the "cautious but condescending" he so justly decries in one of the critical Shoguns of our time.

This is a great book. It is not a book to be read straight through, except by the over-literate middle-aged. But turn to see what he has to say about Goethe, or romanticism ("to ignore the romantic as an aspect of life is to be blind to the rainbow; to accept the romantic as a way of life is to try and pack a rainbow in a crate"), or about Sterne, or for that matter about Hemingway, or a score of others, and you

will find first stimulation, then illumination, and then find that you are irresistibly swept on reading for fifty pages. It is a book which is indispensable for the young. How grimly "cautious and condescending", how primly *Times Ed. Sup.* that sounds! Not a bit of it — the young are bulging with ink, and most of them want to write, while some of them will undoubtedly do so. In these four hundred and fifty pages they will find more informed and highly individual discussion of almost every branch of the writer's trade, and every manifestation of the writer's genius, than they will get in twenty years' perusal of text-books or literary reviews. They will find something more. Obliquely perhaps, yet persistently, Priestley is preaching the need for a religion in an age to which religion has ceased to mean anything at all. From the gradual accumulation of praise and dispraise, of sympathy or dismissal, a positive belief emerges. Man can, with the help of genius, triumph over the deep divisions of his nature and of the collective unconscious. Moral goodness, or rather moral health, can save us disintegrating into particles of atomic dust or into cogs in a universal computer: something very like Voltaire's *amour de l'ordre* which alone has preserved mankind from total ruin. Somehow, when we read a great book, without giving a thought to its author, we come, as he says of Tolstoy, "to share something at least of his creative energy, zest, wholeness, and deep happiness in the work".

Priestley is a man of profound, generous and humane convictions, which he has never ceased to expound and propagate by every means and in every medium available. This book is not only the work of a very skilled and very successful professional, or the literary testament of a passionate reader. It is, in the full historical sense of the phrase, the work of a sage.

OLIVER VAN OSS.

SCIENCE AMONG THE POETS

SHELLEY: HIS THOUGHT AND WORK. By Desmond King-Hele. *Macmillan*. 42s.

ENGLISH poetry has always shown an interest in chemistry, physics, and engineering. In *The House of Fame* Chaucer invents a learned eagle who instructs the author on the ways in which sound is transmitted through the atmosphere and other such marvels. Shakespeare is intrigued by ballistics; Donne and the

Metaphysicals compare good men with telescopes, love with the composition of gunpowder or with the Venice glasses that were supposed to neutralise the effects of poison. Milton is as learned as Lucretius, but resembles the modern scientist in the canniness with which he avoids committing himself to a definite hypothesis about atoms or the galaxy: he states the alternatives and adds a few judicious reflections on the difficulty of proof. But Shelley, as we might expect, does not allow caution or a respect for method to temper his scientific enthusiasms.

Mr. King-Hele's book is particularly good on Shelley's scientific side. Himself a scientist, he is much better fitted than most literary critics to discuss a poet's attitude to science, but he has no special theory to develop here, and he is equally good on more general aspects of Shelley's life and work. It is ironic, though, that Shelley, who had as much interest in techniques of discovery and progress as Kipling, should think and write poetry in a manner so inveterately and ethereally vague—a vagueness which, whatever critics may say to the contrary, is the real secret of his power to move us. It is rather as if Tchaikowsky had taken a deep interest in economics and expected his music to reflect it! It is of air and music that Shelley's poetry reminds us, not of reasoned exposition or brilliant intellectual paradox. Donne's poetry depends on the analogies really working, as if they were pistons and crankshafts; and in *Macandrew's Hymn* the effect depends on the marvellous marriage between the mechanical ingenuity of the steam engine and the verbal ingenuity of Kipling. Shelley's spell is quite independent of such accuracies. Dr. Leavis once triumphantly demonstrated that the images and comparisons in the *Ode to the West Wind* were meaningless, and that Shelley was therefore not a good poet.

... there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright air uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim
verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
The locks of the approaching storm ...

Mr. King-Hele now shows with equal triumph that Dr. Leavis just doesn't know as much about clouds as Shelley did. The mare's tail cirrus, harbinger of tempest, does, as its name implies, indeed resemble wind-blown locks. But does not both the attack

and defence of Shelley on these grounds rather miss the point? For we do not want to see what Shelley is writing about, as we do with Keats, nor grasp it intellectually, as we do with Donne. We want to feel it and be moved by it, and the airy progress of the *Ode*, with its musical repetitions and cadences of mood, is taken straight to our imagination, not to our inner eye or our faculty of logic. The fact that Shelley had actually seen those clouds and knew what they portended is largely irrelevant.

But his powers of ratiocination and observation are not at all irrelevant to our understanding of what kind of man Shelley was and what were his aims and ideals. He was far shrewder than one might think: he was not the son of Sir Timothy Shelley for nothing, the blood of Sussex squires ran in his veins, and if he had become reconciled to his family and English society—and they to him—he might well have ended up by farming his acres on advanced lines and making a profit out of them! He would not have thought it below the poet's dignity—had not Bacon, the great methodologist he admired so deeply and honoured with the name of poet, shortened his life by conducting experiments in practical refrigeration? And for all that she came of died-in-the-wool Bohemian stock—the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft and Godwin—his wife Mary pined for affluence and respectability in a way that only the second generation Bohemian can: she would have jumped at the chance of becoming an enlightened Lady of the Manor. Whatever might have happened to his poetry, one cannot help thinking that Shelley's chances of becoming a great man of some sort in his maturity were much greater than those of Byron, or even Keats. Romanticism did not lose much by his death perhaps, but certainly civilisation did.

JOHN BAYLEY.

APOLOGY FOR TECHNOLOGY

SCIENCE AS HISTORY. By Heinz Gartmann. Translated from the German by Alan G. Readett. Hodder & Stoughton. 25s.

DON'T be misled by the title of this book. It is an account, brightly written in layman's language and generously illustrated, of the most spectacular of Man's mechanical, electronic and atomic inventions, from the steam engine to the space rocket. The reader struggles with Blanchard

and Jeffries as they make the first balloon flight across the Channel; stands beside the young Marconi as suspicious Customs officers dismantle his wireless apparatus; waits at Alamogordo for the detonation of the atomic bomb; and sits awed with the author, listening to his hero (a Dr. Eugen Sänger of Stuttgart) talking of manned flights to the stars. It is all great fun and most instructive.

Having said that — and in fairness I must, even though it could be quoted out of context — I have to explain why I think this is a wretched book.

The fact that the title is absurd cannot be dismissed lightly. Who can allow his book to be published as *Science as History*, when it deals with the “hardware” of certain specialised departments of engineering, and resembles history only insofar as it treats events in roughly chronological order? The answer is, apparently, an author who is unusually arrogant and has an infinite capacity for missing the point.

Like the author, I believe that a rapidly advancing technology is indispensable, at least for the foreseeable future. I, too, am anxious to convert non-scientists to this point of view. But Gartmann seems to believe in technology for its own sake, whatever it may do to people. The goal of this imaginary self-contained world of technology is, we discover, to despatch men to the stars. As the title of the German original puts it: “Otherwise the world would stand still.”

His favourite theme is how, time and again in the course of technology, the sceptics have been confounded and the opponents defeated. Usually, of course, the sceptics were right, but then those were the inventions we never hear about. There is a nice piece of double irony at the very outset, where Gartmann quotes foolish critics of the steam engine who said, 160 years ago: “The steam engine produces noises which hinder reflection and greatly damages human health by poisoning the air.” They are fully vindicated, of course, by current research on noise and air pollution.

I daresay, if I were to point out that Dr. Sänger’s theories of interstellar flight may be impeccable but neglect the disintegration of the “faster-than-light” space-ship by the impact of interstellar gas, Gartmann would write me off as another obscurantist. But if I were to say that far too much money is now being spent on things like space rockets

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and supersonic aircraft, compared with other branches of technology more relevant to human needs, I can only guess at his reply, because there is little hint of wider problems in his book.

"Are we strong enough to follow technical development?" is his departing challenge, in a last irrepressible missing of the point. Adaptation to life amid rapid technological change does not — and cannot, in the long run — mean acquiescence in the sense implied here. Surely the question is: Are we strong enough to *guide* technical development? *Sonst stünde die Welt still, Herr Gartmann!*

NIGEL CALDER.

ADVERTISING EXPLAINED

ADVERTISING: A NEW APPROACH. By Walter Taplin. Hutchinson. 25s.

EVERYBODY has views on advertising and all of them are shot through with prejudice. All of which makes any attempt at an objective study of advertising very difficult. What exactly are advertisers trying to do and what are the problems they come up against in doing it? How many industrialists would be able to answer the question "Is your advertising really necessary?" These are serious questions for a country which spends just about a million pounds a day (including Sundays) on advertising. They are serious enough to need the sort of attention that has been given to them by the Research Fellow in Advertising and Promotional Activity at the London School of Economics. (This Fellowship incidentally makes Mr. Walter Taplin, for the present at any rate, Britain's only academic adman.)

Readers of *The Hidden Persuaders* or Shepherd Meade's novel *The Admen* may find Walter Taplin's book undramatic. He nevertheless manages to say a great many sensible things on advertising in a very readable way. For example, he deals with the over-simplification of the way industry works, which says in effect first make your product, then sell it. Mr. Taplin regards this as "one of the most vulgar errors about the economic system". It is no more absurd, he argues, to say first devise your advertising campaign and then think of a product to fit it. Marketing in fact is "an aspect of production". Again the idea that people actually know what they want is, he believes, very far from the truth. Nevertheless competition between firms, when it becomes competition

à outrance, may be objectionable. There is no "perfect set of rules" for economic competition, any more than there is a perfect market. The advertiser intent on selling his goods is "continuously trying to 'ring the bell' in the mind of the potential customer". If he succeeds there is always the chance that another advertiser will come along and "ring it louder". The phrase "Night Starvation" is an outstanding example of this search for "latent wants", which is advertising jargon for "ringing the bell".

One of the most usual criticisms of advertising is that the whole cost of it is added on to the retail price. This is especially the case with the heavy selling campaigns using coupons and vouchers. These methods are used mostly by firms in what economists call a situation of oligopoly. This means that a few manufacturers control the whole market. If they decide to compete with each other through advertising the consumer may not like it, but there is "no unadvertised alternative" that he can buy instead. It is the inability to go elsewhere and buy someone else's product that really bothers the consumer, argues Mr. Taplin. The fact that he is paying for the advertising is less important to him.

But if competition in advertising annoys the consumer, what are the effects of the alternative, which is competition in price? In short, "Why don't they stop advertising and take it off the price?" Here again the economists get into the argument, since whether prices can be cut depends on the elasticity of demand. Just what this is for any particular brand is not known in advance. So with a new product a manufacturer is just as likely to come out on the low side as too high. But it is probably true to reply that few do.

Many readers will find the second part of the book, that dealing with the actual processes of the advertising business, the most interesting. This contains chapters on different aspects, notably "Appropriations", "Techniques", "Agency", "Budgets", which analyse the problem of what advertising is trying to do. This is not a text-book on advertising, but there can be few people in the business who would not profit greatly from reading it. On the other hand the literate consumer will find a great deal here that will help him to observe Mr. Taplin's adjuration to "think carefully about advertising" and not only "in terms of passion and prejudice".

RICHARD BAILEY.

A POET AT HOME

A POET AT HOME

HOME AT GRASMERE. Edited by Colette Clark. *Penguin Books*. 5s.

THE WHITE ROAD. By L. P. Kirwan. *Hollis & Carter*. 30s.

TRUTH AND OPINION. By C. V. Wedgwood. *Collins*. 16s.

SELFLEDGE. By Reginald Pound. *Heinemann*. 25s.

DEMI-PARADISE. By Jasper Rootham. *Chatto & Windus*. 18s.

THE COLOSSUS OF MAROUSSI. By Henry Miller. *Heinemann*. 18s.

LIGHT BLUE, DARK BLUE. Edited by J. Mitchell, J. Fuller, W. Donaldson and R. McLaren. *Macdonald*. 15s.

MISS CLARK is a very modest editor and she begins her preface by stating that her little book makes no claim to be a work of scholarship or original research. By the highest standards of learning she may not be all that is required in the editor of a learned work. *Home at Grasmere* is not intended to be a shop window of erudition, but it embodies a first-rate idea, and if Miss Clark is the originator of it, she may be congratulated without reserve. I have often wondered when someone would turn out an anthology giving extracts from the *Journal* of Dorothy Wordsworth and also from the poems of William Wordsworth, over a given period.

Thanks to the late Ernest de Selincourt and to Miss Helen Darbishire scrupulously edited texts of the poems and journals are available. Miss Clark has used these fine editions and has made a "purely personal" selection from the journal and the poems, covering the years 1800 to 1803. The weakness of Miss Clark's charming introduction, which is admirable in many ways, is that she does not give a brief summary of where the Wordsworths were living and what they were doing during the period covered by the extracts printed in this book. It is not a cardinal omission, but it is rather tiresome and it would have given Miss Clark little or no trouble to add a few paragraphs which would fill in the gaps. She does ask one question which is at the root of the need for such a book as this one:

Was it Dorothy or William who first spoke the phrases which seem so spontaneous in the *Journal* and then reappear in the poems? Sometimes we know it to be Dorothy. It was she who first saw the tall beggar woman and the two wild little boys in their flower-decked hats and set down the story in detail for William's pleasure.

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Edited by

ASA BRIGGS and J. SAVILLE

A collection of essays by various writers in honour of the memory and influence of G. D. H. Cole, including recollections by Hugh Gaitskell, Ivor Brown, Stephen Bailey and G. D. N. Worswick.

42s.

MACMILLAN

When, two years later he came to write the poems, the poor man found he could not stop himself using her very words.

This one instance gives some idea of the closeness of the bond between the two, and the influence that Dorothy undoubtedly had on some of her brother's best poems. It is interesting to try and discover who was the predominant partner, and although it is difficult to reach a conclusion, there is no doubt that Dorothy was a most exact and delicate observer, and her journal shows her ability to write very good, clear English. *Home at Grasmere* is a useful and companionable anthology.

In *The White Road* Mr. Kirwan, Director of the Royal Geographical Society, surveys polar exploration from the time, 300 years before the Christian era, when Pytheas and his Greeks sailed to the edge of the "curdled" sea, to the recent expedition of Fuchs and Hillary. The author modestly owns that he has only experienced hot and not cold deserts and cannot, therefore, speak of the polar regions from first-hand experience.

He concentrates upon the motives and impulses—economic, strategic, personal and political—which have given rise to polar exploration, and as the great expeditions

of the past forty years have been written about in detail and lavishly, he has concentrated upon earlier explorations, and has added a valuable bibliography of the sources he has drawn upon, mentioning that he has used also certain unpublished material in the possession of the Royal Geographical Society and of the Scott Polar Research Institute at Cambridge.

There is a vivid account of the first wintering by Europeans in the Arctic. It was in the 1590s, and Gerrit de Vier, the historian of these three Dutch expeditions, says that they lived in a house built of driftwood and timbers from the fore-castle of the ship. The furniture was elaborate. There were wooden sleeping bunks for the men, and the surgeon-barber prescribed a Turkish bath, which was made out of a wine barrel. From the ceiling hung a large lamp, lit with the fat of the "cruell Beares" which prowled round the house during the winter. By its light the men read such works as *The Great Empire of China*. It was to find it that they had sailed from Amsterdam by way of the Arctic. When they ran out of bear-fat, there was nothing to do but talk or sleep, lying in the bunks with hot stones at their feet to keep them warm. When they huddled up round the fire "we froze behind our backs, and were all white".

Three hundred years later, some Norwegian sealers came across the remains of the wooden house, the pans, and the books the Dutch had read, with biblical engravings, intended for the edification of the people of Cathay. Mr. Kirwan ends up with some interesting speculations about the future of the Arctic and Antarctic territories and the rival claims made to them by various countries. One thing is certain, the part played by these polar regions in the future will eclipse altogether their role in the past.

It was Dame Rose Macaulay who once praised Miss Wedgwood's ability for compressing material and "lighting it up with drama and style". She is an admirable historian, admirable from the layman's point of view because she writes first-rate historical narrative and knows as much about the causes of the Civil War as anyone else does. *Truth and Opinion* comprises two sets of essays: Part I: Art, Truth and History, Part II: Seventeenth Century Sketches. Miss Wedgwood's Leslie Stephen Lecture, "The Sense of the Past", will be found here and also the Fairclough Lecture, "The Common Man in the Great Civil War". Charles I's appearance in *The Last Masque* by William

Richard Rovere

SENATOR JOE McCARTHY

'Brilliant' said Michael Foot in the *Daily Herald*, David Marquand in *The Guardian*, and *The Times* 'pungent and, so far as a foreigner can judge, just' said Evelyn Waugh in *The Spectator*. This is indeed the book of the moment. 18s



METHUEN

A POET AT HOME

Davenant is commemorated. "The Causes of the Civil War" are analysed. The strange case of Captain Hind the Highwayman is presented with a historian's pleasure in the picturesque and some fascinating details of the methods used by other knights of the road, including Allan, "who used to disguise himself as a bishop, bowling along in his coach with outriders and servants". Hind learnt his profession from Allan. He was a King's man, and once when he had robbed a Cavalier in error, he not only gave him his money back, but dined with him at the next inn on the road, riding off at first light, after paying the reckoning for them both.

Of all the essays in *Truth and Opinion* I enjoyed most Miss Wedgwood's masterly piece about Gibbon, whom she calls "the presiding genius of our historical literature". He would have enjoyed Miss Wedgwood's comment, when having remarked that he failed in "the stronger passions, as scholars commonly do", she continues, "those whose first passion is knowledge justly fear the intrusion of any rival interest". It might have been written by Dr. Johnson himself.

H. Gordon Selfridge became a very familiar figure of the London social scene between the wars. His trim figure was to be seen at most first nights. He was almost as regular an attendant at them as was Willy Clarkson. This was only one of Selfridge's interests. He came to England in 1906 after thirty years of work with Marshall Field, the great Chicago emporium. Thirty-five years later he was seen getting off a bus in Oxford Street opposite the enormous store which bears his name. He was almost bankrupt and very old.

All his life he had hidden his age, and he must have been eighty-six or more, with his mind still scheming, planning for the future. He envisaged a nation-wide chain of stores to cater exclusively for the mass trade in women's clothing:

Behind us there will be factories which we shall control, turning out the vast quantities of goods we shall need. We must have full power all along the line, from production to sales. Our pricing will be scientifically fixed to catch the widest possible range of customers. Our shops must be entirely new in design and layout, giving more freedom of movement than women shoppers have had before.

There must be space as well as air, light and colour.

Not bad for eighty-six! It is fortunate that Reginald Pound has been chosen as Selfridge's biographer. *Selfridge*, like Arnold Bennett, another subject of Mr. Pound's, found romance in commerce and

riches and all sorts of material things. In fact the great tragedy of Selfridge's life was that he outlived his prosperity.

It is almost inevitable that the fulminations of the angry young men should provoke mellow retaliation from some of their elders. Among them is Mr. Jasper Rootham, whose *Demi-Paradise* is a most friendly autobiography. In a foreword, Sir James Grigg calls it "unfashionable and refreshing". Less unfashionable, I believe, than he thinks. There are still numerous writers of autobiographical memoirs who manage to be urbane and agreeable in their approach to their material, and some of the able young men, notably James Morris, are very civilised indeed. This is not said to disparage *Demi-Paradise*, which I found very enjoyable, and in places surprising, as for instance when the author, as junior Private Secretary to Mr. Chamberlain, was showing a senior colleague that he had recently learned to stand on his head.

For this demonstration he chose the doorway which divides the Cabinet Room from the Principal Private Secretary's room, at a time when the Prime Minister was out. Unexpectedly Mr. Chamberlain returned.

THE COCKPIT OF FRANCE

Jacques Fauvet (political editor of *Le Monde*). 'The best guide I know to the intricate figures of French politics. No one who loves France will read it without feeling both wiser and sadder.'

MAURICE EDELMAN
Sunday Times
HARVILL 16s.

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SCOTSMAN 21s.

COLLINS

He made no comment. He expressed no surprise. He only said, "I should like the Foreign Office telegrams when you are ready". There might have been the slightest extra inflection on the "when" but no more.

The account of a visit paid to a jumble sale organised by the *Daily Worker* is equally funny.

Mr. Rootham's modesty is one of his most agreeable qualities and his *Demi-Paradise* shows that it is possible to write a consistently interesting book of personal reminiscences without including a harsh word about anyone.

An eminent American critic said that Henry Miller's *The Colossus of Maroussi* was "unlike anything else ever written about Greece". Published first in 1942, it is the author's account of his stay in Greece as war hit Europe. Many good, lively accounts of contemporary Greece have appeared since, and the influence of Henry Miller is to be found in more than one of them. Miller's friendship with Lawrence Durrell runs through the book like a theme song, a very robust one. Some idea of Miller's style can be had from the account of a war Christmas Eve they spent together:

We walked out of the café and down into a smoky cellar which was cold and damp. A radio was going full blast with triple amplifiers, megaphones, cow bells and dinner horns. To add to Durrell's discomfiture the programme was from a German broadcasting station which was bombarding us with melancholy Christmas carols, lying reports of German victories, moth-eaten Viennese waltzes, broken-down Wagnerian arias, snatches of demented yodelling, blessings for Herr Hitler and his wretched gang of murderers, et cetera. To cap it all the food was abominable.

Mr. Miller is an astringent literary whirlwind, a personality who may be uncongenial, but cannot be ignored. *The Colossus of Maroussi* is said to be his best book. He can never be dull, but here he is at his most vigorous. The portraits of Katsimbalis, Stephanides and Ghika, are sharp and clear, but the best thing in the book is the remarkable story of the Cocks of Attica. It is told in a letter from Lawrence Durrell to the author and it is to be found in the last two pages of the book.

Light Blue, Dark Blue, published at a modest price, is an anthology of recent writing from the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Its considerable merit is that most of the young contributors have had the good sense to write from well within their own experience. Judged by professional standards there is any amount of promise, and some solid achievement, in this book.

Only a few of the contributors suffer from the youthful malady of thinking cosmically, and even they have the compensating virtue of a strong idealism.

The poems, which include some by Dom Moraes and Ted Hughes are well above the level of those which are usually printed in undergraduate selections.

ERIC GILLET.



records

Orchestral

LISZT'S *Faust* Symphony was the nearest thing to a masterpiece he ever achieved and there was every reason why that should be so. The three books that he always had by him, the Breviary, Dante's *Divine Comedy* and Goethe's *Faust*, sum up the whole course of his life, from its high and sincere aspirations to its ignoble failings, and in *Faust* Liszt evidently saw his prototype. He called the symphony "three character pictures" — of Faust, Marguerite, and Mephistopheles — and though the work ends with the beautiful setting, for tenor solo and chorus, of the last words of Goethe's great poem about the "eternal feminine", the unforgettable impression left on the mind is of the Mephistopheles music preceding it which savagely parodies the themes of the first movement, making them, as Sacheverell Sitwell says in his book on the composer, "corrupt, evil, and embittered" — a terrible autobiographical moment of truth. Sir Thomas Beecham's masterly performance of the work, with the R.P.O., Beecham Choral Society, and Alexander Young as tenor soloist is, to my mind, all the more effective for never becoming melodramatic; and is exquisitely lyrical in the portrait of Marguerite. He also includes Liszt's tone poem *Orpheus*, the loveliest of the set, free of any meretricious elements, and here beautifully played (H.M.V. ALP 1737-8: stereo ASD 317-8).

Sir Adrian Boult touchingly introduces his performance, with the L.P.O., of Vaughan William's ninth and last symphony (E minor) with a few words expressing the wish that the composer could have been in the studio with them. He died seven hours before the recording began. The symphony

RECORDS

is a kind of anthology of his styles, but perfectly integrated: breaking no new ground, but as personal as ever. The explorer in him still sought, however, for new sonorities and we find him including three saxophones in the first movement and scherzo, and a flugelhorn — "a beautiful and neglected instrument", said V.W., "not usually allowed in the selected circles of the orchestra and banished to the brass band" — in the slow movement. With this valedictory work Sir Adrian worthily concludes his splendid recordings of all the symphonies (Top Rank 40/008).

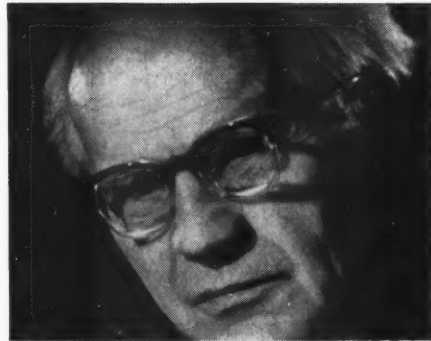
The same conductor and orchestra accompany Clifford Curzon in Franck's *Symphonic Variations* and the Scherzo from Litolf's *Concerto Symphonique* with, on the same disc, Oivin Fjeldstad and the L.S.O. accompanying the pianist in the Grieg Piano Concerto. The latter is the outstanding thing on the disc, with piano playing most sensitively lyrical and poetical — and never, in the climaxes, "blown up" — and admirable orchestral playing under one of Grieg's countrymen. The charming Litolf Scherzo is shown to be more than a bit of tasty *pâtisserie*, and most of the Franck is very good. What a satisfying and truly great pianist Curzon is (Decca LXT 5547: stereo SXL 2173).

The versatile Leonard Bernstein, composer, conductor and pianist, adds to his achievements by directing from the piano not, as has often been done, a Mozart concerto but Ravel's brilliant and intricate G major work and, on the reverse, Shostakovich's slighter and engaging Second Piano Concerto. The pianist-conductor obtains a remarkably good ensemble from the New York Philharmonic Orchestra and gives brilliant performances of both works, that of Ravel yielding little to Michelangeli and having better recording (Philips stereo SABL 134).

It is not often that one can recommend a Stokowski recording but he is well cast in Tchaikovsky's *Francesca da Rimini* and the *Hamlet* Overture and gives really first-rate performances of both works. The mono recording is tremendously powerful — the stereo, when it is issued, will be even more thrilling (Top Rank 35/014).

Instrumental

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ALEC ROBERTSON.



finance

THE economic and financial outlook has already altered greatly this year, both in Britain and in the United States. The change in the American position is the more unexpected. There, during the second half of last year, the economic scene was dominated by a number of major industrial strikes of which the steel strike was the most important, and proved one of the most difficult to settle. Until the settlement the great question was whether the dispute would have an unfavourable effect on industry's plans for expansion, and thus endanger the continuation of the boom. The first figures to become available immediately after the new wage contracts had been agreed suggested that, far from depressing expansion plans, the enforced delay had rather caused industry in general to raise its sights still higher. At the beginning of this year, then, the policy problem for the authorities was whether action should be taken in view of the threat of renewed inflation arising from the large volume of planned industrial investment.

Luckily the authorities decided to wait for more definite information. Luckily, because it now seems that the impetus towards further expansion is not nearly as strong as was at first anticipated. At the new year financial commentators, investment advisers and others were confidently predicting that (unless "torpedoed" by inflation) the boom would certainly continue throughout 1960 and should not be in danger of lagging until well into next year. Now pieces of evidence are beginning to appear suggesting that economic activity may begin to slacken in the second half of this year. Steel firms, for example, are not finding consumers such

enthusiastic buyers, since supplies have been coming forward freely again, as they had first expected. This, in turn, may be partly explained by the fact that the motor industry is also finding buyers more cautious. Earlier, 1960 had been spoken of in the industry as possibly a seven million car year: now the estimate of sales has been revised by some people to six and a half million automobiles sold, with doubts whether even this figure will in fact be reached.

It would be going too far to imply that well-informed people—or those who like to give themselves this description in the United States—are now looking forward to a slump, or even a serious recession, in the second half of this year. It is not even true that stock market investors envisage this, though the prices of common stocks have come back appreciably on Wall Street in the past weeks. What is being asked is how much sooner a levelling-out of the economy will come than had earlier been expected. Naturally enough, opinion on this point is no more unanimous than economic opinion ever is. And against those who are relatively pessimistic there can be set the opinion of others—Professor Paul Samuelson of M.I.T. for example—who seem to go no further than point out that the dangers of inflation have definitely receded to some extent. In general, however, it is fair to say that there has occurred a decided revision of expectations, and that even those who still forecast a continuation of the boom over the next twelve months do so with less confidence.

This change in outlook has meant that little danger is now seen of the Federal Reserve authorities raising the rediscount rate in the United States and pursuing a tight monetary policy. Since world interest rates are all linked to some extent, this should mean in turn that there is for Britain less of a threat of an uncomfortable flow of funds from London to New York. It should also increase the chance of Bank rate being reduced again before too long. On the other hand it was officially stated, when Bank rate was raised last month, that this action had been taken primarily for internal reasons. Taking this explanation at its face value, this implies that the Treasury, the Board of Trade, and other authorities concerned are now confident that the long-awaited expansion of industrial investment has at last started—and has got far enough under way for it not to be endangered by a rise in interest rates in London. It may be true that

FINANCE

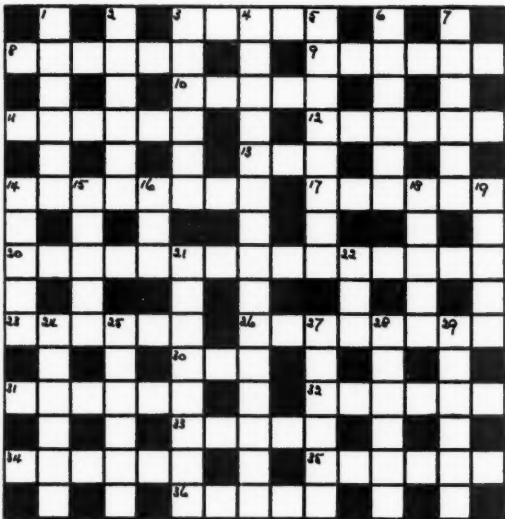
in certain places and trades—such as the motor industry—bottlenecks in production are already appearing, for example in labour. But Bank rate is a blunt weapon, and its use this time can hardly be welcome to those other areas and industries where unemployment, rather than over-full employment, is still the main problem.

The lesser confidence that industrial expansion can be, or will be, continued this year at the same pace as in 1959 can be seen reflected in the hesitancy in ordinary share prices on both sides of the Atlantic.

Similarly, both London and Wall Street have seen more interest now being taken by investors in bonds—the attraction being, of course, the relatively high yields which can now be obtained. It seems quite possible that Wall Street will suffer a pronounced setback sometime during the coming months: this might well react on London. But, if Wall Street prices do not fall too far, the general verdict of the City on equity prices in London appears to be that they may be high enough, rather than that they are too high.

LOMBARDO.

NATIONAL & ENGLISH REVIEW CROSSWORD No. 41



A prize of one guinea will be awarded for the first correct solution opened on March 15. Please cut out and send with your name and address, to National and English Review (Crossword), 2 Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4.

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SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE NUMBER 40

ACROSS.—1. Slight. 5. Poster. 10. Retread. 11. Miracle. 12. Aligns. 15. Lesson. 16. Sheared. 17. Ewer. 18. Edge. 19. Prating. 20. Eyes. 22. Star. 25. Learner. 27. Tibbit. 28. Riling. 31. Cheaper. 32. Stainer. 33. Settle. 34. Aiding.

DOWN.—2. Lattice. 3. Greens. 4. Tide. 5. Pump. 6. Screed. 7. Excused. 8. Crease. 9. Seance. 13. Sherbet. 14. Salfire. 15. Leander. 20. Entice. 21. Extreme. 23. Trianon. 24. Regard. 25. Limpet. 26. Ribald. 29. Free. 30. Asia.

CLUES

- ACROSS
3. A girl in dire need (5)
 8. "Lilies that . . . smell far worse than weeds." Shakespeare (*Sonnets*) (6)
 9. Dingy public house in Scotland (6)
 10. Old people can be nice to one (5)
 11. City thoroughfare, — to the beach? (6)
 12. The prohibition is of ancient Greek origin (6)
 13. Old Norse god present at a martyr's end (3)
 14. Quarrelsome scholar? (8)
 17. Summon me back for a sickening purpose (6)
 20. Crass tricks stop the making of a red saltire (2,8,5)
 23. For her to return about fifty is just sauce (6)
 26. Transport a door (8)
 30. From luncheon to supper it's certainly a long time (3)
 31. Blow article over, giving lead (6)
 32. Speaks truest perhaps (6)
 33. They diverge at points along the line (5)
 34. The nether regions as a country (6)
 35. Gave wrong information about the way this is catalogued (6)
 36. Agree it might be a bore (5)

- DOWN
1. The wise man provides an alternative to home (6)
 2. Effort to make music (6)
 3. I deliver almost everything in rainbow colours (6)
 4. Shocking means of preventing beasts from straying (8,7)
 5. It's reeds for the literary woman (8)
 6. Blessings often follow it (6)
 7. Sausage has a laminated content (6)
 14. "It's . . . being good than bad." Browning (*Apparent Failure*) (5)
 15. Horrify a quiet friend? (5)
 16. Obtained firewood without any fag (3)
 18. One point for the Navy, though leading (5)
 19. Accountant, a saint, joining Eastern group (5)
 21. Prepare to make a scene (8)
 22. Homer could turn into a fabulous bird! (3)
 24. Dodges to make a girl start dessert (6)
 25. May be idle as high standards (6)
 27. Dishevel all the French (6)
 28. Painter's peculiar traits (6)
 29. The mount would be sweet if it had a heart (6)

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